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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE list of Coronation Honors is almost a joint list, to which both the chief party leaders contribute, though not quite in equal proportions. So much is this the case that the Government assists the arrangement by which Mr. Balfour, desiring a much-needed change in his Whips' office, makes a Baron of Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, and puts Lord Balcarras in the vacant place. On the whole, the list is above the average in point of the distinction which a few names of real power and significance confer on it. In particular the Order of Merit is being admirably maintained, though on rather Conservative lines. The two new members are Sir George Trevelyan and Sir Edward Elgar. To the first we owe one of the best biographies in the English language, to the second the revival of original power in modern English music. Let us add that in Major Ronald Ross, who becomes a K.C.B., and in Mr. Roger Casement and Dr. Arthur Evans, who become Knights, tribute is paid to heroic science, to heroic enterprise in the cause of humanity, and to great and fruitful discovery in archaeology.

* * *

BUT the most interesting feature of the list is the last appearance of Lord Rosebery and the first of the Earl of Midlothian. We hesitate to say whether this is a deformation or a transformation; in either case it is a transient chrysalis stage, the prelude to more gloriously

tinted butterfly embodiments. It seems just a little eccentric for Lord Rosebery to choose a title that one associates, outside literature, with the chief he abandoned. But, after all, Lord Rosebery has a house in Midlothian; Gladstone only made it live in modern politics.

* * *

THE rest of the honors are on more conventional lines. Lord Crewe's marquissate is a tribute both to great political services and to the King's friendship. The new peerages or steps in the peerage—which properly include the King's two very able secretaries—leave the balance of parties in the dying House of Lords almost unaltered. The Privy Councillorships are also divided between leading lights in the two parties—the Tory representatives, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. F. E. Smith, properly standing for exceptional and highly effective gifts. Medicine gets rather more than its average reward—a tribute, perchance, to the doctors' exceptional gifts as agitators—pure science less. We are glad to congratulate Mr. Fenwick, one of the most admirable of members of Parliament on his Privy Councillorship. The list of workmen Privy Councillors steadily grows.

* * *

MR. ASQUITH's letter to Lord Lytton, published last Saturday morning, confirms and expands the pledge given at the National Liberal Club by Sir Edward Grey in regard to the Conciliation Bill for Woman Suffrage. The Prime Minister referred Lord Lytton to Sir Edward Grey's statement as "accurately expressing the intentions of the Government." He went on to say that the week promised for the Bill next Session would be interpreted with reasonable elasticity, that the Government would interpose no obstacle to a proper use of the closure, and that if the Bill gets through Committee in the time proposed (*i.e.*, in the elastic week) the extra days required for report and third reading would not be refused. Finally, Mr. Asquith added that the Government, though divided in opinion on the merits of the Bill, are unanimous in their determination to give effect, "not only in the letter, but in the spirit," to the promise in regard to facilities he himself made before last General Election. No Government pledge could be more explicit and complete, and we are glad to see that even the most cautious and uncompromising of the Woman Suffrage societies has frankly accepted the promise in that sense. Speaking at the Albert Hall after Saturday's demonstration, Miss Christabel Pankhurst said, "We take our stand upon the assurance that the pledge made to us is to be fulfilled in the spirit as well as in the letter." We may now confidently hope, not only that the political enfranchisement of women is as good as won, but that the "Militancy" and "Anti-Government" policy may from henceforward become things of the past.

* * *

LAST Saturday was marked by perhaps the largest and best organised demonstration that ever passed through the streets of London. It was a combined procession of all the great Woman Suffrage societies. Originated and directed by the militant Women's Social and Political Union, it was attended, not only by the militant Women's Freedom League and Men's Political Union for Woman Suffrage, but by all the more peaceful

and constitutional bodies, such as the Women Graduates, the Women Writers, the Actresses, Nurses, the various Church Leagues, the Men's League, and, above all, by the National Union, which paraded in immense numbers, especially from the North, and was led by Mrs. Henry Fawcett herself, her sister, Dr. Garrett Anderson, marching with the great detachment of Doctors of Medicine. Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Christabel Pankhurst were at the head of the whole procession, which formed a singularly beautiful and triumphant pageant as it marched from the Embankment to the Albert Hall. The march lasted four hours, and included between 40,000 and 50,000 women, inspired by one demand.

On Monday afternoon a Joint Committee of the Lords and Commons entertained the representatives of the Dominion Parliaments to a luncheon in Westminster Hall. Lord Rosebery (as he then was for the last time!) presided and delivered one of the characteristic speeches that he composes for occasions of this kind—speeches of mingled hopefulness and despair, finely blended with a melancholy humor. The delegates, he said, had arrived at a rather unfortunate and embarrassing moment in domestic politics, for "it is washing-day with us," and on washing-days visitors do not always get their heartiest welcome. Still, he ventured to call it an inspiring occasion, on which it was legitimate to indulge in dreams. He limited his dreams to two—one of Imperial Federation, though he compared the Imperial Federation League to the pensioners of Chelsea Hospital; the other of a vision of peace, though he contended that we can only find strength for peace by preparedness for war. Representatives of the younger Parliaments spoke suitably, but, as throughout the Conference, the tendency was to a union of sentiment rather than a federation with definite bonds. Perhaps Mr. Molteno, Speaker of the South African Union Parliament, best expressed the general feeling, when he said:—

"What was the true Imperialism? In other words, What was the best gift that the Dominions could bring to the Mother Country in order to strengthen her hands? It was that each Dominion should keep its own house in order, should make its own corner of the Empire strong. The strength of the individual parts of the Empire was the strength of the whole."

Last Friday Mr. Lloyd George received a deputation representing various bodies of women workers, such as the Women's Trade Union League, the Women's Co-operative Guild, the National Association of Midwives, &c. They laid before him some of the many complaints that have been urged from the women's side against the terms of the Insurance Bill, especially in regard to the workgirls who on marriage lose all advantage of their previous contributions, unless they become widows, which is a condition they do not immediately contemplate. There was also a demand for the admission of married women at least to the right of voluntary contributors, and possibly to the receipt of the sick benefits insured by the State payment of 2d. a week in cases where the husband is insured. The women further asked for sick benefit (or at least some share of sick benefit) in addition to the maternity benefit, and for different arrangements in regard to the form of payment of the latter. On the whole, these and other criticisms of the Bill put forward in defence of working women's interests appear to us to be justified. We consider that married women working at home should at least be allowed voluntary insurance and the 2d. paid by the State, that the maternity benefit should not exclude sick benefit, and that the right to sanatoria should be further

extended to women. Mr. Lloyd George pleaded want of funds and fears of malingering, but made various promises, and we have no doubt these sections of the Bill will be largely amended.

On Tuesday Mr. Lloyd George published his letter in reply to the representations of the General Medical Councils, taking the points in their manifesto one by one. He wrote: (1) That it was his present intention to have a doctor on the Insurance Commission, and doctors on the Advisory Committee, while the Bill provides for doctors on the Local Health Committees; (2) That the Bill provides for the transfer of medical attendance to the Local Health Committees, but societies were not as yet *compelled* to transfer, though this was desirable; (3) Local Health Committees could arrange for "free choice of a doctor" by the person insured, under certain limitations, to prevent too frequent changes and to secure a decent standard of skill; (4) the Local Government Board must approve sanatoria to which insurance payments would be made, and this would imply a certain amount of inspection and control; (5) the Bill would include provision that prescriptions should be carried out by duly qualified persons, but that the amount of dressings and appliances granted must be regulated by the Insurance Commission, assisted by the Advisory Committee; (6) that "medical benefit" could not include institutional treatment and operations, but the Bill would provide as good a service for domiciliary treatment as financially possible; (7) the "sickness benefit" would not be given under the Bill, even to an insured woman, in addition to "maternity benefit" (as we state elsewhere, we hope it will be possible to amend this defect), but that regulations as to the expenditure of the 30s. maternity money will be drawn up after consultation with the Advisory Committee; and (8) the suggestion that "deposit contributors" in Ireland should not be limited in their choice of medical practitioners will be considered.

The logical conclusion of the whole tendency of decentralisation which has marked this Imperial Conference was reached on Friday. Sir Edward Grey then accepted a resolution by which the Imperial Government formally resigned the power to conclude commercial treaties binding on the Dominions. The resolution did but recognise the existing order of facts. It is not the practice to include the Dominions in such treaties without their express consent. A further stage of independence was reached last year, when, with the aid of Mr. Bryce, the Canadian Ministry negotiated the Treaty of Reciprocity directly with the United States Government. In fact, there is no change. In constitutional theory there is, however, something like a revolution. In fiscal policy at least the greater Colonies now deal on the footing of Sovereign States with foreign Powers.

How far this statement of their economic liberty exhausts the ambition of the stronger Dominions, one may question. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's resolution, in its original form, would have given the Colonies power to exclude themselves from the operation of any and every Treaty. The discussion modified this large pretension, but we cannot forget that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has, in the course of the Conference, enunciated a doctrine of autonomy in foreign affairs which means, if it means anything at all, that Canada claims the right to declare her neutrality in the case of a war between the Empire and a European Power, and to exempt herself from any share in a Treaty which might conceivably involve war. The theory is apparently that Canada is more or less

our ally, but not necessarily the ally of our allies. It is, we suspect, our association with Japan which has set the Colonies thinking on these highly independent lines.

* * *

POLITICIANS of all parties will deplore the result of the petition owing to which Mr. Masterman loses his seat in North West Ham. The trial and its issue were due to the folly (to call it by no stronger word) of the election agent whom he had unfortunately and, we admit, rather carelessly employed. During the election he was himself away in various parts of the country speaking for his party, as he pleaded Ministers are almost bound to speak. But it is obviously dangerous thus to leave even the safest constituency hardly visited, and at the disposal of a little known and inexperienced agent. As Mr. Dickens said, Mr. Masterman's one desire in the contest was to fight fairly and squarely, and in accordance with the conditions of the law. Mr. Foote, the counsel for the petitioners, endorsed this statement. Mr. Justice Ridley said that no fault rested with Mr. Masterman. Mr. Justice Bucknill remarked that he had gained the respect and admiration of everybody, but the result was inevitable and the seat was declared vacant. We cannot doubt that the Government will arrange that the check to so promising a political career shall only be brief.

* * *

In the House of Commons, on Monday, Mr. Herbert Samuel moved the Telephone Transfer Bill, by which the State will take over the business of the National Telephone Company, employing 18,000 men and women, and supplying some 500,000 telephone instruments. The price has not yet been agreed upon, and will probably be referred to the Railway and Canal Commission. In the last ten years the number of telephones in use has been multiplied by three, and Mr. Samuel expects that in the near future the system will be developed threefold or fourfold again. To meet this development, he asked for borrowing powers to the extent of £6,000,000, including a sum of £2,000,000 which has been granted and ear-marked already. No immediate change in the rates charged is contemplated, but there will be a general revision when the purchase is completed. The present company's staff is to be treated "with justice and even generosity." The only objection brought against the scheme was Mr. Austen Chamberlain's fear of a great addition to the number of the servants of the State who might seek to influence politics to their own advantage. We admit some ground for apprehension, but it is a rather abstract fear, and meantime it is obviously impossible for the State to continue working the telegraph without controlling the telephone system as well.

* * *

THE forty-two Bengali prisoners who were on trial for conspiracy and sedition at Dacca have been acquitted by the two native assessors who were trying the case. They comment on the utter unreliability of the evidence tendered by police and spies, and find that the *samitis*, or gymnastic clubs to which the prisoners belonged, were innocent associations for physical culture and charity. The verdict of the Judge will be delivered a month hence. Almost simultaneously comes news of a fresh outrage. Mr. Ashe, who was concerned in the punishment of the Tuticorin rioters in 1908, was murdered by a Brahmin at a railway station on Saturday. The conclusion from two such facts as these is very difficult to draw. It has to be remembered that two of the more important police witnesses in the Dacca trial have been murdered since its proceedings began. Some agency of assassination is

at work. But the course of this and other recent trials goes to suggest that the Indian police frequently select innocent victims for suspicion, and manufacture against them evidence which the Courts are compelled to reject. It is on such evidence as this that respected leaders have been deported untried. False charges beget an indignation which, in its turn, leads to real crime. It is obvious that the police is inefficient, and also that it supplements its inefficiency by dishonesty. As commonly happened in Russia during the terrorist period, the guilty go unpunished, while the innocent are driven into guilt.

* * *

It is doubtful whether the concessions which the Turks have offered to the Albanian rebels have come in time to bring appeasement. The Sultan's visit to the scene of the first great Turkish victory in Europe, the plain of Kossovo, was indeed an impressive demonstration for peace. A vast crowd performed the simple Moslem ritual of prayer on the battlefield, and the Sultan afterwards announced his donation to the rebels whose villages have been burned, and his pardon to their leaders. But while most of the men who joined in this service were doubtless Albanians, they were probably the less warlike men of the plain, and not the mountaineers who alone are in arms. One is not surprised that the rebels mistrust a promise which is accompanied neither by details nor by guarantees. The fighting has indeed been resumed along the Montenegrin frontier. The Turks, who formerly complained that King Nicholas was not sufficiently neutral, are now trying to induce him to use his influence with the Albanians for peace. He not unnaturally feels that this is a somewhat risky intervention. An apparently official Austrian note once more expresses grave misgivings about the future.

* * *

THE Spaniards have taken during the week some further steps to consolidate their occupation of their zone in Morocco, more especially at Larache and Alcazar. A rumor in the French press ascribes to them the intention of using the large force which they held in readiness at Cadiz for the occupation of Tangier. This Señor Canalejas has denied, but it seems to be the case that Tangier falls within the zone allotted to Spain in the secret Franco-Spanish treaty of partition. There has been some debate in the French Chamber on the new phase of the Moroccan question. M. Jaurès spoke with great effect on the scandal of these secret treaties, and reminded the Republican parties that their opposition to such irresponsible and autocrat diplomacy as this was half their case against the Second Empire. M. Cruppi's reply was vague, but it is obvious that the "Temps," in its extreme denunciation of the Spanish adventure, did not speak for the Foreign Office. That newspaper is now recognised rather as the organ of a financial group than as the spokesman of French diplomacy. Germany still preserves a somewhat ominous silence, and awaits events.

* * *

THE Constituent Assembly of the Portuguese Republic was opened in Lisbon on Monday. A decree formally abolishing the Monarchy and banishing the House of Braganza, was unanimously approved by the Deputies. It is difficult to follow the attempts at a Royalist movement which have been made on the northern Spanish frontier. The plot, whatever it was, was serious enough to demand a considerable concentration of Portuguese troops to meet it. There have been defections in the police and the army, but not, apparently, upon a considerable scale.

Politics and Affairs.

THE COUNTRY AND THE CORONATION.

WITH those who look at public ceremonies for the pleasure of the eye and of obvious association, the Coronation has the charm which belongs to old things imperfectly understood and memories which penetrate far into the childhood of a nation. Those who like to see the existing life and spiritual structure of a people represented in its most dignified forms, will have felt the want in the Abbey pageant of much that is not there, and the presence of elements that have long since ceased to be even intelligible to the modern spirit. We have our own symbolism, our borderland of the mysterious and the unknown. But our wonders are not the wonders of the Middle Ages, and our conception of Kingship dates not from them, but from the movements of religious and political revolt which, while firmly maintaining the fiction of supreme sovereignty vested in the Crown, transferred its active powers to Parliament, and threw round the personality of a non-governing King the protecting robes of Ministerial responsibility. In this sense, therefore, the nation which has retained the ceremony in the Abbey vindicates its historic feeling, and combines the ideas of Monarchy and Republicanism in a vesture which gathers all the splendor round one form and all the power round another, and leaves little in Kingship to praise or to condemn. The finer kind of imagination may never feel content with this divorce of appearance from reality. We are not really either militarist or medieval in our ideas, and a celebration which assumes our national life to be other than it is cannot be called religious in the sense in which the Greek and the Roman understood religion, or the modern man tries to understand it.

What, therefore, is the stuff of the national spirit which, while it accepts the Monarchy with cordial respect, and sees in it the guarantee, and, as in the recent conflict with the Lords, the ally and weapon of its liberties, is also a democracy, and is specially infused with Liberalism in its broadest sense? "Liberalism," says Mr. Hobhouse, in his acute and powerfully reasoned contribution to the Home University Library (Williams and Norgate), "is an all-penetrating element of the life-structure of the modern world." "The modern State, as we see it in Europe outside Russia, in the British Colonies, in North and South America, as we begin to see it in the Russian Empire, and throughout the vast Continent of Asia, is the old authoritarian society, modified in greater or less degree by the absorption of Liberal principles." And the distinctive mark of this society, is, as Mr. Hobhouse well says, to conceive liberty as its "necessity," and to evolve out of the respective claims of the State and the individual, not indeed a fully natural play of economic interests such as the utilitarians imagined, but a "possible ethical harmony, to which partly by discipline, partly by the improvement of the conditions of life, men might attain." In such attainment, thinks Mr. Hobhouse, lies the social ideal. To this ideal we make approaches in different ways, and perhaps the most effective expression of the progressive movement which

envisages it lies in the growth of what Mr. Hobhouse calls the "common will." Essentially the nation proposes to do things for itself, rather than have them imposed upon it by authority, and to work through the "extension of intelligent interest in all manner of public things." It is in the awakening and direction of this interest, and in the social conscience that alone makes the largest of ameliorative designs feasible, that the hope of democracy lies. Are the mass of our people clear-sighted enough, public-spirited enough, to secure a real advance in the general well-being? Will they, for example, support a large design of State-aided insurance, or ruin and discredit it by malingering? Can they be kept steadily on the line of self-improvement, without a violent deflection to war-scares and the dissipation of the means of reform? Have they a feeling for education or for the power which education brings? Let us be thankful that, in face of the perils of democracy, Liberalism has chosen a line midway between Socialism and Individualism. Its object is, as Mr. Hobhouse says, the liberation of the sum of the effective energy that the nation possesses; and in this quest it is bound to have regard to the cramping tendencies of bureaucracy as well as to the danger of having the working population crushed under a powerful organisation of capital. Thus its attitude, neither revolutionary nor merely conservative, promises the community all the good that the activities of the men and women in it, fully developed and left free for the widest sphere of usefulness open to them, can secure for it.

Within some such line, we think, reside the finer aspirations of the series of autonomous nations which accept King George as their titular head. The line of their energy has been greatly deflected and enlarged since the breakdown of the Conservative reaction. Within that period the forms of government all over the world have been liberalised and adapted to our own flexible institutions, while we, in one sharp, short conflict, have overthrown for ever the domination of the last unrepresentative assembly in Europe. The reign of international law has been extended to regions which may cover the entire sphere of relationship between two great nations; and for more than half a decade the effort of our own politics, with hardly a revolutionary note, has been bent to purely humanitarian reforms. A new moral interest seems to be born in our civilisation, akin to that which found expression in the poetry of Wordsworth. A world thus profitably changed in purpose is, of course, exposed to peculiar dangers and temptations. But it seems unlikely that it will revert to the crude Imperialism of the last years of the nineteenth century. For nothing is clearer than that the coarser aims of the aggressive spirit, here and elsewhere, are forbidden. Russia has not dared to destroy Finland or to annex Persia, nor even to abolish its own devitalised Duma; nor, if Germany returns a Radical-Socialist majority to her next Reichstag, will the Kaiser refuse to pass their Bills. In all this Liberal England stands, as she has stood before, for a Liberal Europe; and the insensible weakening of national boundaries imparts an infective and expansive force to ideas of social improvement. Thus one ameliorative code is

promptly borrowed for the needs of another; and the idealist conception of the world as a single State comes into view, without the hard spiritual hierarchy which the Middle Ages attached to it. Nor, when the impulse to reform begins to die out, will the reaction find it easy to maintain and enhance the old yoke of crushing Budgets for military purposes which fade increasingly out of the perspective of modern States. The yoke of social expenditure will take their place, and the peoples will have found the new burden to be far lighter than the old.

THE INSURANCE BILL AND ITS CRITICS.

Now that the fire of criticism directed at the Insurance Bill from four quarters—doctors, friendly societies, women, economists—has slackened, it is worth while trying to assess the damage it has done. Has it discovered any vital and incurable error, or merely certain defects such as are bound to appear in a complicated measure of reform touching many interests? We think that when the Bill comes to the House again for detailed examination, it will be found that the valid objections against certain provisions can be met by amendments which involve no really vital changes. If doctors had read the Bill more carefully, they would have perceived that so far from fastening the yoke of the clubs more firmly on their shoulders, it released them from that yoke, enabling them to make their bargains with the Health Committees—on which we think they should have at least some representatives—and, in the last resort, with the Insurance Commissioners, among whom, again, it is clear that a member of their profession will be found. Their more valid grievance, the high income limit to which their contract-fees apply, is capable, as we contend, of being remedied by requiring a slightly higher fee for insured persons over £100 a year, as the price of retaining a selected doctor for a year's treatment. The grumbling of certain officials of friendly societies at State interference with their finance and management represents no real grievance from the standpoint of their members or the public. They are to receive a very substantial pecuniary assistance from funds provided by employers and the State, and the audit and other direction which the Commissioners will be empowered to exercise, will have a beneficial effect upon the general conduct of their business.

The case of the women we feel to contain greater difficulties. Mr. George's answer to the deputation which met him the other day, to the effect that the treatment of women under his Bill was more favorable than that of men, came as a surprise to many who had accepted a mode of calculation yielding a very different result. The women's case for unfair treatment has several counts. With regard to the refusal of the sick benefit to non-wage-earning wives, we think Mr. George has a stronger case than his critics admit. To exact a contribution from the husband's wage, covering the proportionate payment for worker and employer, would often prove extremely prejudicial to the family standard of living, while the danger of malingering would be graver than Miss Llewellyn Davies appears to recog-

nise. It is, however, clear to us that wives should be allowed to become voluntary insurers, and the case for asking that the contribution of the State should be placed to the account of married women is pretty strong. It rests, however, on a principle which we are not sure that Mr. George or the Government accepts, the view that the State contribution in respect of sickness is a right, irrespective of whether the worker makes a contribution on his or her part, and irrespective of the amount of that contribution. It looks as if the Bill, in fixing the 10s. benefit for men and the 7s. 6d. for women, had direct regard to the proportion of the man's and woman's contribution, 4d. and 3d. respectively, and not to the further contributions from employers and the State. If this view be taken, an examination of the various benefits paid will show that women get more in proportion to what they pay than do men. From this it would follow that when they pay nothing, as married home-workers, they get nothing, the maternity benefit being in reality a State gift lying outside the main scheme. We do not feel sure that this is the precise view adopted in the framing of the Bill. But it is a possible explanation of what otherwise appears unequal treatment of the sexes.

The economist's criticism is generally levelled against certain possibly injurious effects upon profits or upon working-class standards of living. If the employer has to pay out of his pocket the contribution required of him, it increases his wage-bill, and either reduces his profit, deterring the application of fresh capital to industry, or, if he is able to put it on to prices, shifts the burden on to the consumer—largely the working-class consumer. The poorer grades of workmen are by this Bill compelled in certain trades to pay as much as 7d. a week for the two benefits. If they have to find this money, it is at the expense of the necessary food and shelter of their family, and the deduction may inflict a damaging blow on the family efficiency. This specious criticism, however, ignores certain relevant factors of the economic situation. In the first place, as Mr. George has more than once pointed out, the whole object of the scheme is to improve the health of the nation, and by improving its health, to raise its productive efficiency. If the workers are rendered more efficient, the increased product of their labor will pay the bill, involving neither a reduction of profits nor an encroachment upon the former standard of living. For the worker, being worth a little more than before, will receive somewhat higher wages. Provided that the preventive as well as the curative provisions of the Bill are carefully administered, and that the former method becomes an increasingly large element in the scheme of the Bill, we are convinced that this argument, speculative and hypothetical as it may appear, is sound, and that, so far from damage being done to the efficiency and economy of industry, the gain will be considerable.

But, even were this improved productivity of labor not attained at present, the alarmist view of these economists has little justification. The contributions of employer and of worker are, as taxes, subject to the usual modes of adjustment by which an injurious or intolerable burden is shuffled on to shoulders better able

to bear it. The profits of employers in many trades are not, normally, cut down so low as to be unable to bear this small new tax, and where they are, part or the whole of the new burden can usually be passed on to landlords, owners of patent rights, and other "monopolists." As for the wage-earners, most of them will not be required to pay more than they are paying now to Club and Union. There will, doubtless, be a strain put upon both employers and employed in certain low-grade industries where inferior labor is used at low rates of pay. Perhaps the weakest economic assumption taken in the Bill is that low wages imply high profits, so that an absolutely larger contribution can be got from employers of sweated labor. This assumption is notoriously untrue. If rigorously applied, this proposal will tend to stamp out some weak industries by imposing upon employers a burden which they cannot bear. But industrial history shows by many instances the efficacy of such a stimulus in causing backward business men to readjust their methods and to conform to the higher wage economy. In other cases, when a trade conducts a feeble, precarious existence upon sweated labor, the new insurance demands will simply supplement the attack which all clear-sighted reformers desire to make upon these low-grade parasitic trades. If they are really unable, out of the profits and wages they afford, to make any provision against the sickness of the workers, they are trades whose continued existence in a civilised country is undesirable.

THE WOMEN'S VICTORY.

THERE comes a moment in most great struggles, shortly before their final triumph, when the fighting is over, and it remains to the victors only to march, with weapons sheathed and colors flying, to occupy the enemy's capital. That time has come for the women who have fought their protracted and difficult battle for their own enfranchisement. From the moment when the Prime Minister signed the frank and ungrudging letter to Lord Lytton which appeared in Saturday's newspapers, women became, in all but the legal formality, voters and citizens. For at least two years, if not for longer, nothing has been lacking save a full and fair opportunity for the House of Commons to translate its convictions into the precise language of a statute. That opportunity has been promised for next session, and promised in terms and under conditions which ensure success. The procession which had been planned for Saturday to demand this opportunity, became insensibly and by a sort of collective instinct which a sympathetic crowd shared with the marching women, a pageant of the coming triumph. It is only an arid and inhuman logic which could disdain the argument of such a demonstration as this. Politics is more than a battle of reasons. It is a conflict of zeal, and a measure of wills. From the moment that any great body of people in a free community, be they men or women, can combine to demand a human right with a perseverance, an ardor, and an intelligence such as this procession revealed, the failure of the opposition is ensured.

It used to be said of women that they could not combine. The sneer had just this measure of truth in

it, that so long as women were engaged exclusively or mainly in domestic work, or in home industries, they were units which did not naturally realise their own solidarity, or their common interests. It was a disability which they shared with men of the laboring class before the growth of the factory system. The new conditions of work have made for them at once the possibility and the imperious need of combination. As a spectacle it was, perhaps, the brave legion of prisoners and the historical pageant with its gay colors and its tasteful costumes which most impressed the crowd. But as a political argument the most impressive section of this procession was, to our thinking, the companies of women workers, from the robed graduates, the writers, the actresses and the musicians, to the clerks, the Post-office workers, the nurses, and the Lancashire textile operatives. It is from the millions of women who have gone out into the world to learn there at once their weakness and their strength, that this movement has derived its overwhelming impetus. The demonstration conveyed to the most thoughtless spectator its obvious lesson as a proof of a capacity to organise which no other movement of our day displays or need display.

The time has gone by, among those who profess in any form a progressive and democratic creed, for argument about the justice and urgency of the women's demand. With such measures as the Insurance Bill before Parliament, it is indeed evident that our whole theory of representative government must soon become a mockery if women are not speedily enfranchised. The political case has argued itself. It stands legible in all our essays in social legislation. The vote will be conceded on such grounds as these (and they are adequate grounds), as it might be conceded to some body of men, who by an historical accident had remained outside the Reform Acts of the past. But we incline to think that when men and women come to review, a generation after the fact, the effects of this reform, they will prize its vaguer and more indirect social consequences even more highly than its obvious political results. One perceives only dimly to-day what the formal concession of equality in a citizen's rights will mean in the liberation of fettered minds and wills, and the readjustment on a basis of mutual respect of the relations of men and women. These considerations, like all the deeper things of life, are beyond the immediate range of our daily politicians. The politician has hesitated only until he could convince himself that he had to face a sufficiently general demand from women, and a sufficiently general acquiescence from men. He must measure not merely numbers, but intelligence and zeal. The impossibility of isolating such an issue as this at elections has made the problem of guessing at the state of public opinion among men a somewhat difficult task. But, in face of the action this year of all the more important Town and City Councils, which, to the number of over a hundred, have petitioned for the Suffrage Bill, reasonable ground for doubt has disappeared. The really intransigent opposition in the House of Commons is now reduced to a bare eighty votes, and that proportion probably represents fairly enough the minority, at all events among educated men. The Prime Minister's concession of facilities for the Conciliation Bill

next year, which clearly are intended to be effective, ends, we believe, finally, the period of militant struggle. It can no longer be said that the Government stands in the way of a solution. The period of rebellion has come to its end, and with it the case—if there ever was a case—for the employment of an indiscriminating policy of opposition to the party in power. The struggle has left behind it its inevitable legacy of misunderstanding and exasperation. A year devoted under the new conditions to organisation and propaganda, will bring us all, before the decisive week is reached next year, to a mood in which the suspicious irritations of these years of conflict will assume their just proportions.

In a Parliamentary sense the task of piloting the Conciliation Bill to the final vote will probably be much less difficult than some critical minds have feared. The real danger is not in mere obstruction. Armed with the indispensable weapons of closure, which Mr. Asquith's pledge has promised, the promoters of the Bill should find no insuperable difficulty in wearing down the openly hostile opposition. The precedent of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill goes to show that when a Government is disposed to be helpful, even a hotly-contested private member's measure can be carried. The only grave difficulty which confronts the Bill comes from the natural desire among Liberals to make this reform, overdue as it is, generous and nearly final in its scope. The Bill, as it stands, has eliminated every serious risk of plural or faggot voting, while the household basis on which it rests is unquestionably a democratic qualification, which will admit to this limited electorate of a million women a great preponderance from the working class. But most Liberals would prefer to include not merely the woman householder who is, rich or poor, an independent economic unit, but also the mass of married women, who are not in their own right ratepayers. The experiment of attempting to extend the Bill in this sense would be a safe and a proper one, if it were possible under the conditions of Parliamentary warfare to secure an honest vote. But with the hope of wrecking the Bill, its enemies, including even the Tory Anti-Suffragists, have already declared their intention of supporting widening amendments. Their calculation is that they can by these tactics divide the suffragist forces, and drive into opposition during its final stages the honest but moderate supporters of the Bill. The central fact of the Parliamentary position is that there is a considerable Unionist vote, and a small but by no means negligible Liberal vote, which will support a Bill for the enfranchisement of a million women, but shirk from enfranchising at one blow so large a number as six or seven millions. This moderate vote is an essential part of any suffragist majority, and it ought not to be alienated until Liberals as a party are prepared to guarantee the success of a larger measure. Happily, the time-table of this Parliament suggests a solution of this difficulty. Liberals, if they allow the modest but not undemocratic instalment of reform embodied in the Conciliation Bill to go through without risky amendment, will not have surrendered their last opportunity of securing a wider franchise. We gather from Mr. Lloyd George's answers to questions that the Reform Bill, which the Government

hopes to pass into law before the General Election, will be introduced in the third session. It would be a wise and generous strategy to treat the Conciliation Bill next year as the affirmation of the principle of women's enfranchisement, and to pass it by a coalition vote. The natural time for re-defining the household qualification, in such a way as to place every adult member of a household on an equality with the responsible householder, will come with the Reform Bill. The removal of the sex disability is a separate problem, and here Liberals may properly accept the co-operation of enlightened Unionists. When the whole basis of the franchise comes to be remodelled, the task is one which only an organised party can safely undertake.

THE POLITICS OF WINE.

For the second time in recent years, the winegrowers of France have staged a spectacle which is in all history perhaps the oddest and most original exhibition of a revolutionary spirit. The externals of a general rising mark these demonstrations. They develop all the fury and extravagance of a class war. They sweep party aside and even threaten patriotism. They batter at the doors of Parliament and cause Ministers to totter. They find, despite their exclusive preoccupation with a trade interest, an instinctive and natural symbol in the red flag. They show a perseverance and a power of organisation which no Socialist or Trade Unionist movement has attained in our time in France. Had the postmen or the railway servants displayed in their strikes a fraction of the steadiness and the unanimity which marked the rising among the peasant growers of the South, or this contemporary outbreak in the Champagne country, France must have suffered shipwreck in a social revolution. Of the two movements, that of the Southern peasants was, to our mind, the more sympathetic. They were labouring men, who had found in a simple and magnetic personality a leader of genius. They had been driven to desperation by a peculiarly afflicting operation of economic causes. They toiled as no peasantry outside of France knows how to toil. They produced, year in year out, their wholesome and honest wine. The seasons had been kindly. But, for all their pains, the good wine lay idle and unsaleable in their cellars. It was somehow the unspeakable decoctions of sugar and dyes which found their way to the Paris market. For decades Governments had promised a drastic law against adulteration; but in failure to fulfil this pledge, the peasants saw, probably with good reason, the supple hand of the sugar-refiner, whose interest it was to sell his protected article for the confection of doctored wine. The revolt was purely industrial, but none the less, when it saw its enemy in this great organised, capitalised sugar-trade of Northern France, it became in its spirit and atmosphere a proletarian rising. It faced M. Clemenceau's troops. It even stood to be shot at. It collapsed only when that arch-tactician conceived a malign and ignoble inspiration to destroy its simple peasant leader. He summoned the poor man to talk peace in Paris, and as he left the Ministry of the Interior pressed into his hand, openly, simply, kindly,

a sum which covered the expenses of his journey. M. Clemenceau took care that his compromising charity was known in the Midi. Never was a formidable movement killed so cheaply.

The solution to which this great national industry turned after the disorders of the South was in line with the whole modern tendency of French production. The asset of modern France, poor in minerals and none too rich in the teeming populations which drive a people to large and audacious solutions, is her skill and her taste. She despairs of competing with England and Germany in the production of vast cargoes of common wares for export. She leaves it to Lancashire and the Rhine to make the textiles for the daily use of the many. She will declare with an aristocratic smile that it is not her ambition to cater for the negro market and the European proletariat. Her riches come from catering for the wealthy and the connoisseur, whether it be in muslins or in silks, in finery or in automobiles. Competing in the world's market with an ever increasing production of the commoner wines of Germany and California and Australia, she saw that her strategy must be to assure to herself the incontestable monopoly of the rarer vintages. The future catering for the daily table of the middle-classes may lie with the new countries. But nothing save dishonesty or defective organisation can ever assail in their own class the pre-eminence of Bordeaux, Champagne, Cognac. It was an inevitable impulse which led to the adoption of the new strategy. The areas which produce these famous wines have been delimited, and a drastic law assures to the fortunate wine-growers within them a monopoly of the use of the names which are a trade mark of their wares. For the lucky few it was a perfect solution. But on the fringe of these traditional areas there are regions whose soil and climate differ but slightly from those of the privileged departments, regions which have thriven hitherto on the theory that Bordeaux and Champagne are generic terms, not to be construed in a pedantic geographical sense. At one decision of the Ministry the population of the Aube, which produces a "champagne" indistinguishable save to the expert, from the favored wine of the Marne, have seen themselves deprived of a name which was their riches. Their wine is neither better nor worse than of old, but by this sudden, this arbitrary, decision of a few Ministers in Paris they see themselves robbed at once of trade mark and market, and reduced for the future to the humble rôle of producing a modest luxury for economical hosts. Their revolt has raged now for long months with a revolutionary fury. They have marched and demonstrated. They have gone on strike against all the duties and pretensions of government. They have stood solid in one phalanx, peasants and capitalists, tradesmen and functionaries. The red flag has floated from their schools and public buildings. Worst of all, there have even been villages which, in an excess of anti-governmental rage, have dared to fly a German ensign. From the more anarchical trade-unions they have learned the trick of "sabotage," and the dragoons have been busy at night galloping from one point to another to extinguish the flames of burning bridges.

A foreigner will hesitate to venture a comment on

such a situation. The advantage in the long run to the general trade of France from a rigid protection of the repute of its best vintages is incontestable. The hardship which such a policy must inflict on great numbers of honest producers is no less apparent. The pages of the few French newspapers which admit "Letters to the Editor" in the English sense of the word are full of more or less plausible suggestions for compromise in one or another of which, perhaps, a more equitable solution might have been found. The Cabinet of M. Monis, meeting round the sick-bed of its injured chief, has adopted the course which seems to the distant onlooker the ideally weakest. It has announced the ignominious end of its experiment in territorial delimitation. The logical but unpopular law will be withdrawn, and a new law, which apparently will throw upon the judges the whole odium and responsibility of discrimination, will take its place. It remains to be seen what the favored department of the Marne will say to this surrender. It has already threatened to be as violent in defence of its privileges as was the Aube in assailing them. In such a position it is hopeless to attempt to please all parties, and a Government can only ask itself which interest will be the more formidable. But we shall be surprised if the combination which meets round the bed of M. Monis survives to test the effect of its new proposals. All experience goes in France to show that while the Chamber commonly takes a slow and postponed revenge for any brutal and excessive assertion of authority, its punishment of weakness is prompt. Government means in England primarily the constructive work of legislation. It means in France, before all else, the wielding of authority. In that distinction there betrays itself the more timorous, conservative, and apprehensive instinct of the French middle-class. It is never quite secure and at its ease unless it can witness from time to time some sharp and preferably dramatic exercise of authority.

As serious politics, the reappearance at this curious crisis of Prince Victor Napoleon and the Duke of Orléans means less than nothing. But it has at least this significance, that both these pretenders are French enough to realise that a show of weakness, an apparent want of authority, is the only defect which can discredit the Republican *régime*. A not very distinguished Cabinet, under an invalid Premier, has vacillated. At such a moment it is relevant to remark that the name of Napoleon is itself a programme. The name of Champagne, unfortunately, is also a programme. The colleagues of M. Monis, however, are not without resources. They talk of bringing in after all the law against sabotage, conceived by M. Briand and abandoned in the first flush of the reconciliation between the Socialists and Radicals. One follows the train of thought. If one cannot crush the wine-growers of the Aube, at least one can show one's teeth to the Trade Unionists. If one dare not display "authority" in the matter of champagne, one may recover prestige by shaking a fist at King Pataud and his comrades. The event will show how far this manœuvre is well-inspired. For our part, we doubt the ability of any Radical government, under contemporary conditions in France, to dispense with Socialist support, save on pain of becoming frankly reactionary.

THE CONFERENCE AND THE DOMINIONS.

THE Imperial Conference, from the point of view of the Dominions, has been a distinct success. Not only in what it has done, but quite as much in what it has refused to do, it has made a notable contribution to what are called Imperial interests. Testimony has been borne by members of the Home Government who have had most to do with the work of the Conference, and by the Prime Ministers and their colleagues from the overseas Dominions. They all agree in expressions of grateful satisfaction. Each member felt responsibility not only for the interests of his own Dominion, but quite as genuinely for those of the whole Empire. In its spirit and purpose it was more like a Cabinet than like a Conference.

No one could read the official reports, issued from day to day, and interpret these in the light of personal conversations with the various members, without being impressed by the vitality and freedom of the Conference. No less impressive was the steadiness and sanity of judgment which marked its discussions and its decisions. From the standpoint of the Dominions, the Conference manifested what the Hon. W. S. Fielding, in replying to Lord Selborne, called "sane Imperialism."

The dominant note in all the discussions was what the Colonial Secretary very justly described as "co-operation, not centralisation." The essential loyalty of the Dominions need not any longer be protested, but that loyalty is the loyalty of equals, and is offered not to the old-time notion of Empire, but to the new-born ideal which has come in the vision of the English-speaking peoples, and which it is the high privilege of the British born nations to realise in historic fact. For the thing stirring in the national life of the British peoples, the word "Empire" is a misnomer. A new significance must be given to the old autocratic terminology. On the understanding that the Empire is not in very truth an Empire, and that the King is not an Emperor, we are all of us glad and proud to be citizens of the British Empire and subjects of the King.

How new and strange the meaning is which is now being crowded into the old terms "Empire" and "Imperialism," is illustrated by the rights and privileges assumed and exercised by the representatives of the Dominions in this Imperial Conference. There is not one old notion of Empire which has not suffered deliberate violence. This is illustrated in the attitude taken on questions held by the old jingo school of Imperialists to be vital to the very existence of Empire. The Dominions exercise supreme control over the machinery of immigration, and frame for themselves laws for naturalisation and citizenship within their borders. Britain has an alliance with Japan, but that does not open the doors of the least of the British Dominions to the Japanese. India is a great part of the Empire, and the Churches of the Dominions sacrifice for the religious welfare of India's millions, but the rights of citizenship in the Dominions are denied to those subjects of the King. The laws which they make for themselves are laws which even a Privy Councillor from London must observe so long as he resides in any one of the new nations overseas. Control of matters of trade is local control, and each for itself settles its own fiscal system. Even on questions of defence, the last word in the event of war is to be said by their Governments and Parliaments for the overseas peoples of the Empire.

In ways such as these the Premiers of the Dominions have taken for granted their independence and have exercised their rights. There are good people in England who are surprised, and some who are disappointed. One cannot miss the rather poorly concealed chagrin of the Protectionist propagandists. It is clearly expressed in the Protectionist journals. Some of them dismiss the Conference with a disgusted wave of the hand, because it refused their notion of organising the Empire on the basis of a protective trade system. If they imagine that this will bring the Dominions to heel, they are as poor judges of the temper of the overseas communities as were the blunderers of the 18th century whose policy cost Britain the American Colonies. The notion at the back

of the reasoning of Lord Selborne and the journals that support his view of tariff matters would certainly cripple and destroy the fiscal autonomy of Canada. If Canada has not the right either legally or morally to reduce the taxation on the people of Canada by reducing the import duties on goods from the United States, as is proposed under the Reciprocity agreement now before the Parliament of Canada, then there is no fiscal autonomy, and if there is no fiscal autonomy, there cannot for long be an Empire of free nations. These "sister" nations would be "subject" nations. From that situation there could be but one issue.

But that is not the situation, and every true Imperialist will resist even the appearance of that situation alike in theory and in fact. For this reason, most Canadians who think to any purpose on these questions, are of opinion that the people of Britain and the people of each of the Dominions do well when they settle their tariff arrangements each to suit their own conditions and necessities. Canada imposed a protective tariff on imports, even from Britain, in the interest of Canadians, changed it from time to time in the interests of Canadians, introduced the British Preference in the interests of Canadians, and now plans still further to reduce the tariff taxes through reciprocal agreement with the United States in the sole interests of Canadians. Many Canadians favor a great increase in the British Preference, and some even freedom of trade with Britain, wholly in the interests of Canadians. This freedom of action Canada resolves to maintain, and therefore is not keen about being involved in artificial tariff agreements based to a degree on Imperial politics. The tariff is a tax on trade, and a reciprocal tariff is the result of bargaining. Canada can bargain with the United States, giving item for item, concession for concession; but Canada cannot so bargain with the Mother Country. The fact of allegiance makes a whole world of difference.

For this reason, Canadians are of opinion that there can be no trade federation of Britain and the Dominions such as the tariff Imperialists propose, except on the broad basis of freedom of trade within the Empire. And Canadians are also of opinion that it will be many a day before the protected interests in Canada will consent to sacrifice their tariff privileges even for the sake of a fine ideal of Imperialism. Is it any wonder that the Premiers, knowing the situation in their various Dominions, have disregarded all Protectionist appeals, and have decided to get the necessary information about the Empire's resources and conditions before venturing on the perilous business of framing a tariff for the trade of the Empire?

And so, too, in matters of defence and of war. The Dominions stand by the principle of responsible local self-government. Some people in England are troubled about Canada's attitude in taking over the Canadian naval bases, organising the North Atlantic and North Pacific squadrons under Canadian authority, and reserving to the Government and Parliament of Canada the right to say when Canada shall share in any of Britain's wars. These people are slow to understand that war is not in all the thoughts of Canada, and that the responsibilities of peace are to Canadians far more absorbing and far more important. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is wholly right in his contention that Canada is averse from taking a part in the shifting war-politics of Europe, which is the historic obligation of the Mother Country. He is also wholly right in declaring that, were Britain in any real danger or British interests anywhere seriously attacked, Canada, to the last dollar and the last man, would respond. But even for that improbable crisis, Canada's best preparation is through the development of her natural resources, the increase of her population, the betterment of the conditions of life for the average Canadian citizen, and the quickening of the true national spirit. This will make Canada among the nations not only a factor in war, but, which is much more important, a force for peace. And this supreme desideratum has been greatly served by the present Imperial Conference, alike in what it has done and in what it has refused to do.

J. A. MACDONALD.
(Editor, "Toronto Globe.")

Life and Letters.

THE FAME OF LASSALLE.

THERE is in the memories and appraisements of history a wayward impulse which insists on bestowing immortality on the names that are writ in water. The enduring brass will care for itself. Such tablets lie in the broad alleys of the temple of fame, where the feet of the generations must burnish it as they pass. For the tombstones of the good and the unhappy, the obscure hero and the modest martyr, there is always the chisel of some careful Old Mortality. The miracle of our collective memory is the fidelity with which we cling to names that shine on the covers of no gilded volume, and flutter round no tattered banner in the pageant of old victories, and link themselves with no achievement of statecraft or invention. What is there in its essence more evanescent than the fame of a beautiful woman, a swift wit, a great actor, a shining personality? We read of them in memoirs; we gaze with a wistful curiosity at their portraits; but the effect with which they played on their contemporaries is gone for ever. What do we know of an Aspasia or a Bayard, of Sidney's sister or the Admirable Crichton? But legend has raised to them for monument a perpetual mirage. A musical line may keep them alive. "In those days Grisi sang at the Opera." It is as though we had heard her. So long as the English language lives, a ghostly echo of applause will ring down the centuries at her name, while children adventuring first upon that page recite its rhythms and receive its memories. On such a fame as this the name of Lassalle will endure. Our children's children will inquire what manner of man it was whom Humboldt called The Wonder Child, whom Heine described as the most powerful personality he had ever met, whom Bismarck eulogised in the Reichstag ten years after his death, whom Meredith chose as the hero of a tragic romance. They will see him as we see him, the enigma which somehow left its impress on the imaginations of his contemporaries. They will define him as the man who dazzled his century, and think of his century as the time which engulfed Lassalle. But the solid traces of his work and influence are destined, as the decades go by, to become steadily fainter. Who reads to-day his brilliant book on Heracitus? It is dead with the Hegelian tradition. Who remembers that he wrote an ingenious, but flagrantly unhistorical, treatise on the Roman institution of property? To the average well-read man who thinks of him as the founder of modern German Socialism, let us commend two simple facts. His career as a political leader was confined within a space of two short years. The lines on which he sought to build a German working-class party are fundamentally different from the basis on which it has actually been constructed; they are even in vital particulars fundamentally opposed to it. With these deductions what is left? The flaming energy, the insolent will, the devouring ambition, the audacious versatility, the insatiable romance. Lassalle is left. His life was a triumph over enemies. He never stood, save on their bodies. He denounced from the dock. He agitated from prison. His life was a triumph snatched from defeats. His fame is a victory over his biographers. It will survive even the labored and meritorious performance of Dr. George Brandes, whose "Ferdinand Lassalle" (Heinemann) is so far the most complete and readable book which his astonishing career has inspired. It has eloquent and well-turned pages of characterisation; it has elaborate expositions of his books and doctrines; it digs with a painstaking accuracy in the troubled history of his loves and hatreds. It is an essay, rather than a "life." One can say of it, despite its insight, its fairness and its intellectual competence, that it is a talented instalment of the debt which posterity owes to such a career. It is not the biography of genius which it deserved.

"Thinker and Warrior" runs the epitaph over Lassalle's grave. It is another word which rises more promptly to the lips as a summary of his career. He

thrust and jostled through the world, a swift and athletic monument to audacity. One sees him, with Mirabeau and Disraeli, as the type of all that daring and self-confidence can achieve. "Thinker" is a name too serene and too flattering for a brilliant mind which, with all its scholarly habits and its metaphysical agility, lacked the originality of a begetter of ideas. He was the fighter, the agitator, the pamphleteer who loved to turn aside from the dusty fray to prove that he could fling his darts also among the professors and the students. But with all his Jewish clarity of thought and his un-German brilliance of speech, his philosophical writing was only a clever moulding of the Hegelian stuff. His economic teaching was confessedly derived. It was nothing but an ardent and passionate application of the doctrine which the student Marx had worked out before him, with a vast patience of reading and research, and a perverse habit of wrapping a clear thought in the obscurity of an algebraical formula. If there was anything in Lassalle which was not Marx, it came from the more scholarly and compromising intellect of Rodbertus. He was Marx with passion, and Rodbertus with assurance. "Warrior" is a name too high for a spirit which hardly ever rose to the profession of a disinterested aim. Bismarck, with his brutal but clear-sighted humor, had pierced his ambition when he said that "Whether the German Empire was to end in the Hohenzollern or the Lassalle dynasty was to him, perhaps, a matter of doubt."

The superb and beautiful audacity which was the supreme gift of Lassalle, was exhibited in its perfection even more in his youthful adventure than in his mature campaign. A Greek would have called it "hybris." It was a conscious and calculated insolence, a strategy inbred in generations which had survived and surmounted the persecutions of the Ghetto. Disraeli exhibited it with less aggressiveness in a more congenial and less hostile environment. Lassalle, an obscure Jewish student, a lad in years, vowing himself against all the forms of law and the influence of the Prussian aristocracy, the defender of the Countess Sophie von Hatzfeld against her powerful blackguard of a husband, found a battleground which enabled him to exhibit at once his skill and his courage, his romance and his learning, his democratic principles, and his fastidious tastes. This nine years' epic of litigation, with its thirty-six several lawsuits and its perpetual imprisonments, made him at once the most formidable, the most calumniated, and the most notorious figure of his time. It was an odd strategy which induced a spirit which dreamed of revolution and popular leadership to absorb itself for a decade in a struggle to secure the property of one wronged lady. But Lassalle knew that in a period of reaction it is the personal illustration that tells. The English Radicals who assailed George IV. for his brutality to his Consort had the same sure instinct. When he turned at length to the colossal task of creating a democratic party, it was his fame as the man who had emerged triumphant from this giant's battle with lawyers, and judges, and aristocrats, that caused the workmen to hail him as the fighter that they needed. But even his successes as a demagogue are an enigma like all else in his amazing career. His pamphlets, with their scientific economics and their tags from Hegel, his speeches, with their Latin quotations and their eloquence that flowed for four hours on end, how much of them did the members of his Universal Union of Working Men contrive to understand? But we know that the factory girls buried his carriage in roses and that their brothers filled the place of the horses in its shafts. They saw in him the incarnation of combat, a winged fighter, an embodied daring, a leader undaunted by science or authority or wealth.

The historian of Socialism will return a very guarded reply when he comes to answer the question of what Lassalle contributed to its rise in Germany. In a negative sense he performed with perfect trenchancy one indispensable operation. He cut the proletarian movement for ever adrift from undemocratic and anti-social Liberalism. But his German patriotism and imperialism on the one hand, and his opportunism on the other, were distant as the Poles

from the doctrinaire and international Socialism which finally found another basis and its own organisation. His career was a paradox, and the final paradox of it all was that the man whom he really inspired, the man who actually borrowed his practical ideas, was not Bebel but Bismarck. Universal suffrage and a sort of patriarchal State Socialism—these hints the Chancellor derived from him in those momentous interviews in which the two boldest intellects indulged in the intervals of a duel of challenge and persecution. Two years of intense activity sufficed to stamp his mind on the destinies of modern Germany. His death left behind him a phantom audacious as himself, which haunted alike the enemy he had fought and the hosts he had led.

EXCOMMUNICATION.

WE do not wish to discuss the particular questions lately in dispute between Mr. William Jones, Borough Councillor of Poplar, and Mr. G. R. P. Preston, vicar of St. Michael and All Angels in Bromley-by-Bow. We gather from his name that Mr. Jones comes of a race whose neck stiffens at the title of priest, and we suppose that a clergyman who upholds the banner of St. Michael could hardly avoid militancy, even if he wished. By the kindly offices of the Bishop of London the duel has now been brought to a close; a letter of apology for his unseemly conduct has been written by Mr. Jones, and read from the pulpit; honor is satisfied, and the ban of excommunication which had lain upon him for a fortnight or more has been removed. On the private and personal side, we are quite content to leave it there, as the barristers say. But there are also one or two points of wider and public interest arising from this incident that so deeply stirred ecclesiastical emotion in the hearts of Bromley-by-Bow.

We gather from the published account that Mr. Jones belongs to the very large number of "Evangelicals" or "Low Churchmen" who strongly object to the introduction of "High Church" rituals into the services of the Church of England, because they regard them as "Popish." Besides the doctrinal grounds of their objection, such as the alleged acceptance of Transubstantiation and the sacerdotal remission of sins, they agree with most English people in regarding religion as a strictly personal and spiritual relation, not to be assisted, but rather hindered, by all external forms of ceremony, decoration, or artistic embellishment. That is an aspect of religion which everyone must respect. It is a protest against the materialism of beauty—against the temptation to substitute æsthetic enjoyment for the inward and spiritual grace. It strives against the tendency of ancient religions to sink into a barren repetition of beautiful symbols from which the life has departed, leaving them sacred but unmeaning, as, for the most part, are the rites of the Eastern Orthodox Church in Greece and Russia. In their anxiety to preserve the kernel of spiritual or mental truth, those who maintain this view chafe at every form of shell. They deny the value of all symbolism. They forget the weakness of ordinary humanity, so incapable of bare abstraction, so easily moved to purer emotions by the beauty or association of sights and sounds.

Intolerance of outward forms and the necessities of humble mankind may become so strident and unimaginative as to exaggerate the absence of symbols into the central truth of worship, and to suppose that all is done for Christ when His cross is broken. For an incantation against this savage mood, one might daily repeat the familiar words of Sir Thomas Browne, himself so personal and Protestant in his religion:—

"At my Devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible Devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a Church; nor willingly deface the name of Saint or Martyr. At the sight of a Cross or Crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour. I could never hear the Ave-Mary Bell without an elevation; or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all."

Inflamed by the honorable, but, perhaps, rather unsympathetic zeal which we have described, Mr. William Jones appears to have set himself to check the growth of symbolism in the Church dedicated to St. Michael and All Angels—a dedication in itself so finely symbolic. To gain a base for his crusade (though that is hardly the right word!), he became candidate for the position of people's churchwarden, but was twice defeated. After his second defeat, the Vicar, with more historic truth than tactful regard for a fallen foe, preached upon the subject of the enemies against whom the Church has always to contend so long as the true faith is proclaimed. This flagrant example of "*petitio principii*," with its obvious innuendo, was too much for the galled feelings of Mr. William Jones, who, with Celtic impetuosity, sprang to his feet and cried, rather inconsecutively, "You don't, you liar, you don't!" meaning by the words that the true faith was not proclaimed in this particular church. Arising in a sacred edifice, the interruption was irreverent. It was probably offensive, though exciting, to most of the congregation. The form of contradiction was sharp, and to call a man a liar is unparliamentary, and *a fortiori* uneclesiastic. On these grounds, as we suppose, a letter excommunicating the said Mr. William Jones was obtained from the Bishop of London, and was solemnly read in church on Whit Sunday, the most spiritual of feasts. Excluded from the sacraments and consolations of the Church, Mr. William Jones, Borough Councillor of Poplar, lay under the episcopal ban.

Now, a bishop and a subordinate of bishops must believe that excommunication is by far the most awful sentence that can be passed upon a human being—more awful than the sentence of the Court and the black cap. Nearly all forms of religion appear to have retained exclusion as the ultimate penalty of the reprobate. So on the Gold Coast, and in most parts of Western Africa, the man or woman into whom a devil has entered is first shaved and smeared with colored earths, and then thrust out from the tribe or congregation to wander in lonely misery till death. So, during a long age of Greece, the man over whose head the Avenger of Blood hovered and barked, fled like a maniac from land to land, until expiation could be made by the grace of a wise goddess, or by a mystic justification with blood and leaves. So, in early Hebraic history, excommunication was symbolised by the scapegoat, and the blasphemer was excluded from the camp of the congregation before he was stoned. As so often happened, the first Christians took over part of the Jewish ritual in a spiritual form, and St. Paul wrote to Timothy that he had delivered two men unto Satan that they might learn not to blaspheme; and, more leniently, he advised the Christians in Corinth to deliver an incestuous man unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh so that the spirit might be saved. In later Christianity the ritual of the anathema grew in power and in terror. The excommunicated sinner lived a man forbid, tainted, as it were, by a spiritual leprosy. The death-bell of his soul had rung; the Book of Life was closed to him for ever; the candle of his salvation was extinguished in perpetual dark. Ghostly terrors haunted his loneliness, and eternal tortures awaited him in the world to come.

We need not recall the Papal bans laid upon kings from Robert of France, through our John and Henry VIII., down to Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel, nor need we suppose that if Robert was still called Debonair, and Napoleon's power remained unshaken, and Victor Emmanuel's memorial now stands high on Rome's Capitol itself, that excommunication would mean no more to Mr. William Jones. Once, as is well-known, when a divine was maintaining that a bishop ranks higher than a judge, because a judge can only say "go and be hanged," whereas a bishop can say "go and be damned," the old Master of Balliol chirpingly replied, "Yes; but if a judge says 'go and be hanged,' you are hanged." That was illuminating; but perhaps it needs a king or a sceptic to take things thus lightly, and Mr. William Jones is neither. To him, as to every believer in the spiritual power of episcopacy, excommunication must literally be the most terrific penalty that can be inflicted upon a living creature, and on him it was inflicted—for

what? For irreverence, we admit; but, apart from irreverence in a sacred building, for an offence for which no one, except a suffragist, would have been turned out of a public meeting. His interruption was not to the Divine Service, but only to the sermon, and, though the British people habitually place the sermon above the service and like to make it the centre of their public worship, yet the sermons of our curates and other clergy have never been regarded as sacrosanct or invested with Papal infallibility. Criticism of them usually begins at the church porch, and in old-fashioned families it is invariably extended throughout the mid-day meal. Though he speak with the tongue of men and angels, the preacher will not escape the breath of criticism, and, indeed, one is sometimes tempted to think that the criticism is the most valuable part of the sermon.

Even Cabinet Ministers are sometimes interrupted in their flow of eloquence. Even they submit to questions at the close. The preacher alone has no opportunity of discovering what points are difficult, what difficulties require further explanation. The clergyman's pulpit is more isolated, more strongly fortified against intruders, than Lord Rosebery's castle, and the clergy themselves must often wish it were not so. Very little is gained by pouring even supreme wisdom, as it were through a funnel, into minds that do not co-operate to receive it. How much the attention, the vivacity, of every audience is improved by signs of occasional approbation or dissent, and by the knowledge that a dubious statement may be questioned at the end! We have no great belief in organised debates, in which the sections of the audience only applaud their favorites, as at a football match, and convictions are neither strengthened nor changed. But an occasional question, a request for further enlightenment—how good it is! How the dialectic clears the mind and aids the memory! We are not an irreverent or ill-behaved people. Respect for all reality in religion is almost universal among us. But if irreverence is feared, the sermon might be more completely separated from the service, even in place. The Bishop of London must remember the Sunday afternoons when his own preaching was submitted to searching questions in Victoria Park. Perhaps he looks back on those sermons as more effective than any since, both for himself and his audience. Questions, interruptions, contradictions—the road to truth is roughly paved with them; and because Mr. William Jones introduced another stone in the roughest and most discourteous form, was he to be excluded from what both he and the Bishop consider the highest, or perhaps the only, means of salvation? Rather, we should rejoice to find men and women in this country so possessed by disinterested zeal for their highest convictions that they are willing to risk the charge of violence, irreverence, and even ill-manners, in an impetuous determination to maintain them.

THE RIGHTNESS OF POPULAR SPEECH.

THE people have always loved to call a spade a spade. In the expression of their loathing and abhorrence of cruelty this has particularly been the case. Shelley, if we remember rightly, speaks of a poet as "a nerve along which creep the else unfelt oppressions of the world." We question the justice of this. The plain, common man, the man in the street, feels the oppressions of the world intensely. The poets interpret and express this honest, normal, common feeling of mankind. By the poets we mean the makers of large, elemental literature. Some miscreant, let us suppose, commits a loathsome outrage on humanity. David says, "Let indignation vex him even as a thing that is raw;" Dante puts him by name in the lowest circle of the Inferno; Dickens describes with gusto his final ignominious exit from the scene. These writers do not mince their words. They reflect and interpret in their grand manner the instinc-

tive feeling of average mankind. "It's pretty beastly," says the plain man, if in a mild mood. Superior persons are unmoved; they weigh their words and talk in tame conventional language; in their aversion from sensationalism and the crude violence of the mob, they become inclined to defend, and to talk of wholesome impulses finding an admittedly irregular expression. But the great poets feel exactly as the plain man does. So David, and Dante, and Dickens are immortal; they live and endure; they will continue to do so when the chatterings of centuries of the solemn triflers are sunk in an echoless oblivion. After two thousand years Broad Church ecclesiastics find themselves, *nolens volens*, repeating David's curses; after six centuries bloodless professors are laboriously commenting every syllable of Dante's scorn. In their deathless words the conscience of humanity finds its constant expression. Mr. Chesterton, in his recent book on Dickens, says that while all sorts of people were crying "Investigate," "Examine," "Report," Dickens cried out "Stop!"

In one way, the plain man also is a poet; he is the maker, the finder of the popular proverbs and phrases, which put the whole of Dante, the whole of Dickens, in half-a-dozen stinging, biting words. The people revenge themselves on the persecutor by some epithet which will stick to him in *sacula saeculorum*. They called Mary Tudor "Bloody Mary," and through all re-readings of history, through all vicissitudes of theological opinion, while England is England, "Bloody Mary" will her Majesty remain. Many old English phrases have always seemed to us to express this abhorrence of cruelty in a very felicitous manner. When Bunyan makes Mr. Cruelty say of Christian, "hanging's too good for him," he seems to us to strike a false note. The phrase rightly belongs, not to the cruel man, but to the righteous hater of cruelty. All such sayings as "he ought to be tarred and feathered," express the plain man's abhorrence of any kind of serious malefactor; but as a matter of fact, they are generally reserved for such creatures as the torturers of children. "I wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs," "I wouldn't be seen in a forty-acre field with him," are other expressions of popular abhorrence. This abhorrence is not confined to cruelty, but it is of cruelty that it is pre-eminently felt. The official moralists have hardly considered cruelty to be a sin at all. To the people it is the sin of sins. The persons experienced in education, the professional philanthropists, the disinterested toilers in the great cause of juvenile reform, the founders of Orders of the Good Shepherd, may not feel this abhorrence; they have, no doubt, other and higher aims before their eyes, from which they are not distracted by a mere carnal tenderness for the sufferings of sinful flesh; but the poet and the humanist, and the plain man always feel it. "I would willingly spit on his statue," wrote Charles Lamb, of John Howard, the philanthropist, one of the "sprouts of whose brain" was "the fancy of dungeons for children." The plain man has the same feeling about an eminent schoolmaster, of whom Erasmus tells us that he would take a little boy just confided to his care by a tender and anxious mother, and having hastily arranged some pretext, would lash him till he almost fainted, saying, "not that he altogether deserves it, but it serves to humble him." It is supposed that Colet is the "eminent schoolmaster" to whom Erasmus refers. Charles Lamb and the first passing chimney-sweep would speak of Colet in much the same terms. There is, indeed, at all times a refreshing similarity between the language of the great poets and of the common people. "I ain't a-goin' to waste my breath on the likes of her," says Mrs. Perkins. "Non ragionam di lor" says Dante. Both alike are worlds away from the wearisome and unreal verbiage which more conventional and measured classes use, at least in their deliberate moments.

Many phrases in use everywhere admirably express the unvarying popular belief in the justice of the ordering of the world, the inadequacy of the refuge of lies, the final impossibility of gagging and stifling the truth. Such are "it'll come home to him," and "murder will out." The people have no more cherished conviction

than that a bully is always a coward. It would possibly be more true to say that a bully is not so much a coward as a brave man, valiant with that truest valor of which discretion is the better part. There is one popular phrase which has always seemed to us to pack whole volumes into its half-dozen words—"He's shaking in his shoes." This is said of the panic terror of the yet unpunished malefactor, seeking to hush up his crime, to distract attention from the rumor of it. Here we have "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth" of David, the "Conscience, that noiseless whip with unseen thongs," of Juvenal, the "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," of Shakespeare. Such a man shudders at shadows, starts at noises.

"Shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers"

is a superb expression in the great manner of this cowed and abject fear. Many phrases drawn from the observation of animals delightfully express the popular delight in the popular discomfiture and downfall of a bully. Such similes are, for example, "he's got his tail between his legs," "he's very crestfallen," "his comb's cut," "he's drawn in his horns." The taunting French and Italian proverbs warning the man with the wax head not to go into the sun of publicity, the man with the straw tail to beware of its catching fire, have an even more vivid version in the Yankee saying about "the man with tallow legs going down into hell." In such sayings as, "give him rope enough and he'll hang himself," one feels that the wish is father to the thought. The hope is that the spider of the morning is already swiftly descending above the culprit's head, weaving her rope as she goes.

All this popular vindictiveness seems to us essentially righteous. It is reserved for such things as "make a goblin of the sun." It is the reverse of the feeling of the homely sweetness of the everyday familiar things which the miscreant is felt to have outraged. How delightful are such phrases as "right as rain!" The summer rain falls on the thirsty earth, on turnip fields in flower, on chestnut trees, on the white, dusty road with passing mares and foals, and carts of butcher and chimney-sweep. How good it all is! "Right as ninepence" again expresses all the natural human delight in buying and selling, in chaffering in the open air, in all the neighborliness of market day. This is far from the Inferno, this good world we know. "As fit as a fiddle" again means as right and good as that music to which the dancers go on village greens on sunburnt summer evenings. "To sell like hot cakes" is very pleasant. It calls up the white-capped pastrycooks with their trays of gauffrettes and madeines, moving among the Sunday throng of the Luxembourg Gardens. Another variation of this is "to sell like ripe cherries." All sorts of delightful fancies are evoked by this phrase, the old London street-cry "Cherry ripe," the first baskets of the fresh delicious fruit in their green leaves, the bunch of juicy cherries given one day by a kind-eyed Frenchwoman to a thirsty traveller in a crowded train, "pour rafraichir la bouche." One popular saying has always seemed to us beautiful beyond compare, fit to describe the satisfaction of the utmost love and yearning—"a sight for sore eyes." That is the face that you so longed to see, coming in upon you—suddenly in the lonely evening. It is the Child brought into the Temple, whom at last the half-blinded watchers saw.

With this feeling of the goodness and sweetness of human life, and of anger against those who torture and darken it, there goes always in true popular phraseology the sense of trust in a large over-ruling purpose. This apparently takes the form of an intense fatalism. It is expressed in the saying that "if you're born to be hanged you'll never be drowned." This is the most intimate conviction of the people everywhere. It is their quaint renderings of the thought that we are in the hold of guiding hands, and of the exhortation to take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow will take thought for the things of itself, by which they so largely live.

WEATHER ECHOES.

THEY charge the townsman with knowing nothing about weather. His sole conception of fine weather is plenty of sunshine; he cannot understand why the farmer should ever want rain, or why a perpetual picnic of a Canadian summer should be followed by a shortage of grain. Cricket matches and tennis parties require fine weather, and if ever the pitch or the court gets dry, why, the water-cart is always handy. But a continued drought like that of May and half of June of this year impresses even the Londoner with the need for rain. He watches the clouds hanging about day by day and feels the accumulating fall of temperature with anxiety and impatience. Really it must rain now! Days are being wasted in preparation to rain. The garden cannot stand it. There are particular reasons why it ought not to rain next week; but if it does not begin soon it will surely spoil Ascot, the Coronation, or what not.

It is a new thing on any account to have the Londoner staring into the sky and hoping for rain. But as we look out on our brick-girt suburban garden, we can verify, point by point, the bulletin presented by the Board of Agriculture (and Fisheries) concerning the effect of the late dry weather in the eleven divisions of the United Kingdom. The average account of the grass crops even strikes us as too cheerful. It does not seem nearly pessimistic enough to say that meadow-grass is below the average in quantity, yet the report declares that on the whole it is equal to average, and, in many counties, above it. The lawn mower rusts for lack of work, and the grass has turned to cocoanut-matting. Here and there are green patches. They are almost invariably clover, and we could have written ourselves that sentence in the Board of Agriculture's report:—"Seeds-hay promises rather better than meadow-hay, although reports from different districts vary considerably." We can see from here the meadows of our youth that often stood in June knee-deep in undergrowth (it was even waist-deep then), this year short and wiry in the bottom and crowned with dry and woody bennets, ripe before their time.

As it happens, the writer has in his garden a tiny patch of wheat, subject in part to the same conditions that rule Ceres throughout the kingdom, but that is no doubt an unusual appanage of a suburban garden. It may be said that the watering-pot vitiates the garden patch as an agricultural tower of weather observation. Perhaps it does, in the rare case of unlimited resort to a rainwater cistern. But tap-water is almost ineffective as a "glad refresher of the grain." Plant after plant turns yellow, shrivels and vanishes as though bitten at the root by a devouring worm. Even perennials some years set, having arrived at the happy time of blossoming, crumple up within reach of the goal. A turning of the surface shows that the soil is not dry, but it is not moist with live water. Even if all the moisture is from the rain, the nascent quality has gone out of it. The rain has been down through the soil till it became hard, then mounted by capillary attraction, an aged thing needing a revivifying flight in the clouds before it is really good for anything. Sometimes a can of tap-water brings out a little of the delicious smell of gratitude from the odoriferous bacteria, but not as when summer rain charged with ozone comes down. Then the whole soil stirs and becomes warm, almost palpitating to the touch; puling plants grow turgid and rampant; weeds spring up in bare places; "the valleys stand so thick with corn that they do laugh and sing."

Who does not know this droughty year to be also a year of blight? We look up at the leaves and they are spotted with aphides, every one of them winged and waiting for a favorable wafting to fill the air with migratory mothers. The chilling before rain does not suit them. Every now and then, as a puff of wind loosens their numbed footing, a glistening shower falls straight to earth. In sunshine they would rise like smoke and rejoice in a multiplied chance of mischief. Therefore, let us hope that a drenching rain will come first and hurl them to the ground. One of those despised and hated sparrows sits on a lower twig and looks up

at the spots as we have done, then flies up under the canopy and neatly picks off the green flies till his beak is full. A still more despised and hated wasp, queen of her nest, buzzes and hangs there, and carries a few fat morsels away. In some future agricultural report we may have accounts of wasp-plagues. We are reading now of industrious urchins amassing pounds by the destruction of queen wasps at a penny a head. It would pay a good deal better to let the wasps alone now, and pay a penny each for the nests discovered in August. Then our aphide-collecting queen could feed her hundred thousand grubs fat on flies, caterpillars, and other harmful creatures, and when they had all grown up into fruit-eaters, a ha'porth of cyanide of potassium would rob them of their wages of industry.

Another worker in the garden is the "wise thrush." Wiser he is than the blackbird, because he has learnt to tide over a dry or lean time by smashing out snails for a living. The popular opinion that the thrush has a special hankering for molluscs is often accepted too readily. When worms were to be had, he was eating them just as exclusively as the blackbird. Only he showed in this department, too, a superiority over the blackbird as a hunter. The blackbird just picks up a worm when found. The thrush stands and listens for them in their burrows, then runs a little way and listens again, perhaps stamps on the ground to startle them into movement, certainly has his scientific methods of finding worms in places that the blackbird has given up. Those are their lawn methods. In a loose rubbish-heap the blackbird beats the thrush by using his beak as a spade and turning over the mould for his worms. Not since early spring till a fortnight ago did the thrush pay serious attention to our snails. Their slime track was on the alyssum, the marks of their rasp on the stems of the Michaelmas daisies, and they lay far too snugly under the leaves of the lungwort. Then the thrush came for them. He hoiked them out from their lair, trundled them along the path, and whacked them on his elected anvil till they were outwinkled. He has thinned them down well now, and may be said to have almost entirely drawn upon his hot-weather reserve. He knows, or his instinct knows for him, that he is the only snail-wise bird in the garden, that, except for the featherless biped, he can safely leave his herd to fatten till worms are scarce. But now he is finding snails almost as scarce as worms.

The most useful of our birds do not leave shells or other *débris* about to advertise the good they have done. You might almost imagine that the starlings that periodically draw the fields, only came for the mere pleasure of a walk among the buttercups. You can often find, after they have gone, that the ground is full of little holes that they have drilled, but there is nothing to show whether they have relieved us of wireworm, May-beetle larvæ, or leather jackets. The farmer only thoroughly knows that the starlings have a mischievous season, and he often thinks before he ought that there are too many of them. Most of the birds claim wages for their work. The most conspicuous exception is the plover, which every day in the year is exclusively engaged in keeping down insect pests. No farmer ought to dream of allowing the emissaries of town epicures to walk over his fields and steal plovers' eggs. But even if all farmers were wise in their own fields, the poor pee-wit could be robbed upon the moors. Only one county council has yet risen to the wisdom of prohibiting throughout its borders the collection of plovers' eggs. We are glad to see that it is not in one of the "several districts" whence come "reports of injury to corn crops by wireworm." There is no analogue in the report of the Board of Agriculture for this garden account of the ministrations of birds and other insecticides. Some of these days, perhaps, we shall read such items as:—"Starlings are far from numerous, and it is to be feared that the crane-fly will do much damage"; "Plovers have been very busy on the ploughing, so turnip-fly is little in evidence"; "Thanks to an abundance of sparrows—"; but it will be long before the sparrow is honorably mentioned in dispatches.

Short Studies.

THE LAST CORONATION.

[The following notes on the Coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra were jotted down at the time, and may, perhaps, be thought to have a kind of historical interest.]

Saturday, August 9th, 1902.—Got up at 4 a.m. At 5.15 started for the Coronation with A and B in A's brougham. A cool, clear morning. Victoria Street empty. Got out at the barrier near the annexe. A and B, being "Gold Staff Officers," went to breakfast with the Duke of Norfolk at the House of Lords. I went to the C's house close by, and got some coffee. Was in the Abbey before 6.30. Strolled round. Visited St. Edward's shrine. The King's golden robes laid out. Masses of gold plate on the High Altar and Credence. Altar-candles lit.

Splendid general effect of the Abbey. The long lines of perspective, traced by blue and yellow hangings, and the great blue carpet.

Early arrivals.—First peer to arrive, an Irish peer, Lord Doneraile. Lord and Lady Battersea, Lord and Lady Middleton, Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Adeline Duchess of Bedford, Lady Conyers, Lady Yarborough, and Lady Londonderry came early. The most impressive male figure Lord Spencer, in his dark blue velvet mantle as K.G.

Procession of regalia from Choir to west end.

Orders were given to stand while it passed. Soldiers presented arms. Canons of Westminster in red and gold copes. Archdeacon Wilberforce carried the Queen's crown.

Close by me were Canon Scott Holland in black gown and cassock, Bishop of Worcester in scarlet habit, Bishop of Ely, Bishop of London, Archbishop of York.

The Procession of the Princesses. Duchess of Fife, leading her little girl. Princess —'s look of displeasure when her train was suddenly jerked by Lady —, who carried it. Lady —'s flurry and explanations. Princess Frederica looking like a picture of George II.'s time. Princess of Wales—smiling, gracious, pretty—much improved. Our English Princesses walked much better than the Princes' wives.

Prince of Wales, looking overweighted by his robes and train.

The King's Chaplains, in scarlet mantles over their surplices. When Leonard Tyrwhitt passed, a foreigner near me said: "Who is that young cardinal?"

The Canons of Westminster, carrying the sacred vessels. The Dean,† tiny and feeble, in a red cope.

Heralds in tabards.

Four Knights of the Garter to carry the canopy at the anointing.

The Prime Minister,‡ in a Privy Councillor's uniform.

Archbishop of York, in a white cope.

Archbishop of Canterbury,‡ looking grim and anxious, in a whitish cope.

Sergeants-at-Arms.

THE QUEEN.

Lovely, very young, bare head. Immense train, borne by scarlet pages. Pretty girls and women behind her.

Lord Carrington, with a tiny page.

Duke of Grafton, carrying "Curtana."

Here came a hitch. The King's Scholars in the organ-loft had sung out "Vivat Rex Edwardus!" (English pronunciation) as soon as the King's procession began to enter. But then there was a pause, and the King did not appear. Everyone looked anxious. Suddenly the boys sang "Vivat Rex Edwardus!" again, and the King entered. Great relief. Three Bishops abreast, London, looking dignified in a red cope, carried the Bible. As the procession advanced, I knelt down in the front row.

* Dr. Gore; Lord Alwyne Compton; Dr. Winnington Ingram; and

Dr. MacLagan.

† Dr. Bradley.

‡ Mr. Balfour and Dr. Temple.

My emotions very strong as the King passed; remembering his illness, our prayers, and the answer to them.

THE KING.

Pale, solemn, handsome, very dignified. Immense train. Red velvet cap on his head.

Bishop of Durham* in white cope, and whiskers.

Red pages.

Beefeaters.

Barons of Cinque Ports, in strange red uniforms. Everyone asking who they were. F. A. Inderwick and Arthur Cohen among them.

Leaving the Nave, I went to the east end of the South Aisle, where it joins the Transept. Could see very little of the choir, but heard the King's oath, very full and loud. Could just see the back of King Edward's chair. Could not see the actual anointing or crowning, but saw the peers put on their coronets when the crowning was over. The choir was now blazing with electric light, and the Abbey nearly dark. I now left my place, went down the South Aisle to the west end, crossed the Nave, and went up the North Aisle and came out at the corner of the North Transept, close to the peeresses. Saw the Queen go to the Altar to be anointed and crowned. Her canopy was carried by four handsome duchesses. The Queen passed quite close to me, when she came back from the altar to her throne. She now had her diamond crown on her head, and looked absolutely radiant. It was like Marie Antoinette at Versailles. "Surely there never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision."

N.B.—The odd effect of the peeresses putting on their coronets askew, and Lady Granville righting them.

Now I saw the King and Queen take off their crowns, and kneel down at their faldstools for their Communion. I returned to the west end. Not easy to realise that the Celebration was going on in the choir, or to pray.

The return procession.

The Queen splendid, with crown and sceptre. The King majestic, with crown, sceptre, and orb. Smiles and gracious bows.

Conspicuous figures near him. Lord Spencer, regal. Lord Rosebery, comic, in too large coronet. Duke of Argyll, chivalric.

Shouting, cheering, and clapping as the King passed down the Nave. Clapping when old Duke of Cambridge tottered down between his two sons.

When the King had left the Abbey, strolled round the Choir and Sanctuary. Saw many friends. Universal thankfulness that the whole business had gone off so well. Luncheon at the C's.

The best sight of the day was the Queen's return from being crowned. A dream of beauty. Dean Stanley's words about the Coronation of 1838 came back to me—"Other solemnities may have been more beautiful, or more strange, or more touching; but never at once so gorgeous and so impressive, in recollections, in actual sight, and in promise of what was to be. With this fairy vision ends for us the series of the most continuous succession of events that the Abbey has witnessed. None such belongs to any other building in the world."†

Art.

THE SALONS AND VAN DOUGEN.

THE two great salons are as disheartening as ever. One remains aghast at the immensity of the effort they represent compared with the paucity of the result. In the old Salon the whole of the immense lower gallery is filled, as usual, with sculpture, each piece of which gives proof of a special aptitude, highly trained. If professional skill sufficed to the making of a work of art, what a golden age this would be! But, alas, it is the least important factor, and the one thing needful, the possession of some definite feeling which calls for expression,

strikes one as almost entirely wanting. What, one wonders, does the public get from this display of skill, which it can only dimly understand; what pleasure does it get from the contemplation of these thousands of successful, gratuitous, and brilliant declarations of the artist's complete indifference to reality; and how can it choose, except by the title and the nature of the subject, between one and another? One feels that such a sight calls for some cataclysmic remedy, but we scan the horizon in vain for the purifying hordes of vandals who will help us to destroy, or at least help us to stop producing, this yearly confession of our spiritual sterility and inane vacuity of heart. The new Salon offers a similar spectacle, a little chastened by culture, a little mollified by good taste, but still essentially the same. There is, it is true, some respect for beauty; the rhetorical appeals to outworn and unreal emotions are less blatant, and the general effect is not exasperating. Still it is far from exhilarating. There is scarcely anywhere a sense of the passionate need for expression, only the habit of making pictures that are more harmonious and agreeable than those of the old Salon. Here and there are placidly sentimental landscapes like M. René Ménard's or M. Dauchez's, which show a personal vision. Then there are M. Jacques Blandie's interesting attempts to keep abreast of new ideas by treating scenes of barbaric or oriental splendor with all the familiar elegance of his eighteenth-century manner. There is M. Albert Guillaume, elaborately witty, with an over-polished dexterity of finish which really expresses less than his drawings for the comic papers. Among the paintings, however, M. Maurice Denis's three compositions stand out from all the rest by their distinction and classic perfection. Every year M. Denis adds to the astonishing skill of his transpositions of tone and color, so that he can give, by the adjustment of half-a-dozen flat tones, an illusion of any particular natural effect; an illusion which is far more convincing than what the plein-airists attained by their minute analyses and complex constructions. In one of these sea-side pieces the sky is a flat mass of gold, the sea all pure delicate green with rose-colored surf, the shore violet, and the girls at play—ever so delightfully grouped and silhouetted upon the background—are all rendered in pure flat masses of local color, blue, rose, orange, and violet; and yet, for all the abandonment of light and shade, for all the suppression of intervals, the effect of figures moving in air saturated with the golden dust of a sunlit afternoon is irresistible. This is, indeed, a triumphant vindication of the method of translation from the actual tones of nature to the appropriate pictorial symbols. It is a feat that could never have been performed without the patient toil of the Impressionists, and although it contradicts their principles, it justifies them by the event. The triumph of this lies in the fact that by this method the feeling of a particular momentary effect of atmospheric color is transmitted, and yet the picture has the decorative unity that has hitherto seemed incompatible with such a performance. And yet M. Denis, too, seems to me to be sacrificing too much to the perfection of his method, using it, too, for slighter and less ambitious ends than he once did. He is getting to be almost too dainty, too prettily mondain, too easy. His fancy is more delicate, more playful than ever, but his work has lost the note of passionate intensity which did not recoil even at brusqueness or oddity in the endeavor to attain expressiveness. There is no sign here of the promise, that his Nativity gave some six years ago, of an artist who might recover the abrupt expressiveness of gesture of the medieval *imagiers*. All that dramatic force has been softened and blunted by the research for lyrical charm in these scenes of modern society.

Among the sculpture in the new Salon are one or two exhibits of interest; there is a large bronze figure by M. Bourdelle, of which it is difficult to speak fairly. It has every sign of astounding talent and intelligence; a real sense of what sculpture ought to be, of how to subordinate and how to unify the rhythm; of the quantities and disposition of relief. In short, it has all the stigmata of a serious work of art, and yet it leaves me sceptical and indifferent, with no means of explaining my instinctive reaction.

* Dr. Moule.

† "Memorials of Westminster Abbey."

M. Rodin contributes a finely characteristic portrait bust and a figure in high relief upon an inclined plane of marble. It is a winged female figure, and may be—there is no help here in the catalogue—one of the many sculptured tributes to aviation. The *gaucherie* of the limbs suggests vividly, though with a sentimental exaggeration, the pathetic helplessness of a figure flung to earth like a discarded thing. As for the Société des Indépendants, it grows and flourishes year by year, unhampered by the restraining influence of a jury. Year by year more cubicles are added, and it progresses gaily on its way down the Seine towards Rouen. There are fifty odd rooms at present. There is unquestionably more rubbish here than in the other two Salons put together; there are no seats, no large empty spaces; nothing to help one through, but for all that it is not so tiring as its grander rivals. The best of it is that most of the rubbish is real downright chromolithographic rubbish that the justest critic can pass at four miles an hour without a pang of conscience. And what is but rubbish is often of fascinating interest. Perhaps there are no masterpieces. As M. Forain is reported to have said "C'est fini maintenant; on ne veut plus de chefs-d'œuvre," thereby paying a quite unintentional compliment to the efforts of the younger men, who are indeed not trying to make masterpieces, but rather at all costs to get something definitely said. What strikes one most about the new movement is the variety of individuality which it inspires. Impressionism was a way of looking at things, demanding a special technique, and its votaries tended to see the same things in the same way. Post-Impressionism implies merely the release from the tyranny of representation, has set free each individual to search for the expressive quality that corresponds to his personal feeling. True, this personal feeling must be intense enough and clear enough to demand expression; but it is surprising how many of the younger men have already arrived at a consciousness of their own personality, and how varied and interesting are the racial and individual characteristics they reveal. M. Fornerod is as clearly Swiss in the sober domesticity of his interiors as Archipenko and Mlle. Vassiliev are Russian in the morbid intensity of their feeling, and the tortured extravagance of their forms; while already among the Frenchmen a classic feeling for pure beauty has begun to infuse itself. One sees it in the work of Othon Friesz of Lhotè, and of Girieud. There are already many groups among the younger men, each exploring the possibilities of expression in a different direction, or combining the results already achieved in different ways. There are those who, like Herbin, are following Picasso in his search for an artistic philosopher's stone, endeavoring to get at the intellectual abstract of form, whereby they can recreate a world of pure significance; and there are those who, following Matisse, search for an intenser unity in the balance of directions and volumes, and the just disposition of intervals—some of M. Matisse's Russian followers are, by the by, becoming really incoherent—and those who, accepting the general texture of appearance, are content to treat it with a freedom of emphasis and elimination that would have seemed incredible to an older generation, with its prepossession in favor of a literal instead of a synthetic unity of construction. Of these last, one of the chief to-day is Van Dougen, the exhibition of whose work at Bernheim's Gallery enables one to get a clearer idea than hitherto of his personality. It must be admitted that it is anything but a sympathetic one, and we may forgive anyone for missing his remarkable talent out of disgust at his predilection for corruption and vice. And yet Van Dougen is not decadent or perverse, like Lautrec. He is, after all, of the race of Rembrandt, and, for all his brutality, a strange gleam of sympathy comes through the exasperating and outrageous display of wanton depravity. There is nothing of Degas's intellectual and ironic vision of the factitious life of our cities; Van Dougen is more instructive and more spontaneous. He claims no superiority, no indifference to the life he paints with such triumphant, terrible force; but he

realizes the humanity of his models beneath the corrupt artificiality of their condition. And with what astonishing assurance and breadth of handling he places them on the canvas, what tremulous vitality is in their movements, and what solidity and force of modelling he can suggest by the mere brushing of a contour. It would be absurd to call Van Dougen a moralist, nor does he make any of the pretences which allowed Hogarth to treat of vice, but for all that his attitude is not base; he sees something magnificent, something sane and fundamentally human in the brazen insolence of his type. His is none the less a turbid and imperfect art, straining at a beauty that it cannot quite attain, leaving the problem with its raw edges of cruel discords, but stated with a candor and sincerity that one is forced to admire.

I must not omit to mention M. Matisse's picture of a corner of his studio at the Indépendants. It is a large canvas, but contains nothing but a bare wall, a window, a few screens and chairs, and on the floor a rug. The perspective is by no means correct, but the artist has managed by a subtle adjustment of these rectangular forms in a strikingly coherent and indestructible unity to arouse in the spectator a sense of the amplitude of his ideal space. And the color washed on with almost crude simplicity of handling is as satisfying as it is new and strange. The picture has that rarest of qualities, glamor, in that it gives to commonplace things a significance quite beyond what their ordinary associations imply.

Those who remember the outcry which Von Gogh's portrait of Dr. Gachet caused last year at the Post-Impressionist Exhibition will learn with some surprise that Dr. Swarzenski has had the courage to buy it for the Stadel Institute at Frankfurt, where it will take its place beside the masterpieces of Dutch and Italian art. We in England shall probably wait twenty years and then complain that there are no more Van Goghs to be had except at the price of a Rembrandt.

ROGER FRY.

Letters from Abroad.

A NEW LEAGUE OF MORAL CULTURE IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The wild antagonism towards religion which has been so widespread in France for the last forty years is now steadily diminishing. It may be still true to say that, owing mainly to the attitude of the Church, religion has lost its inner and deeper meaning for the majority of Frenchmen. It has become something social and political, and it plays little part in the life of the individual. Intellectually it means dislike of independent thought, reason, and science; socially it means opposition to democracy, a reactionary attitude in politics, coupled with a few antiquated rites. Such a conception of religion may still be very general, but when all is said, it is no less certain that the propaganda of atheism is on the ebb. There is even a sort of *rapprochement* between advanced Christians and the more broad-minded Free Thinkers. The appearance and development of the "Union of Free Thinkers and Free Believers for Moral Culture" (Union des Libres Penseurs et des Libres Croyants pour la Culture Morale) is quite a sign of the times. It is true that no orthodox Roman Catholic has joined the movement, but the Union is managed by some of the leading men in the Protestant Churches and in Agnostic circles. To quote a few names, we find, on the Agnostic side, Professor Seailles, the well-known philosopher who is, with Father Loyson and Frederic Passy, Honorary President of the Union; Professor Lanson, one of the great authorities on French literature; Professor Parodi; Professor Belot; Victor Margueritte, the famous novelist; P. H. Loyson, the playwright and journalist; Ferdinand Buisson, M.P. On the Protestant side we have men like Pastor Wilfred Monod, Professor Ehrhardt, Professor Bonet-Maury, all three lecturers at the Protestant Faculty of Theology in Paris; Pastor Roberty, one of

the leaders of the Parisian Protestant clergy; Pastor Gounelle, Paul Passy, both Christian Socialists; Pastor Wagner, the late Professor Jean Reville, &c. The general secretary of the Union is an ex-Missionary. The exact aim of the League is to allow men of different religious views to work together for the development of moral culture. The second article of the statutes is worth quoting:—

"The object of the League is to allow its members to exchange their meditations and experiences in a friendly collaboration, with a view to organising for themselves, their children, and fellow-citizens, a moral culture coinciding with their common ideal of justice and fraternity. The elements of this culture are borrowed from all the philosophical and religious patrimony of humanity, apart from those of the traditional beliefs which science has forced us to abandon."

The motto of the Union is taken from the First Epistle of St. John: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar, for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen." Its general activity is manifested by meetings held at the "École des Hautes Études Sociales" twice a month. They are open to the public on payment of a small entrance fee. The meeting consists in a debate on some moral question between two members of the Union, the one an Agnostic, the other a Christian. The subjects treated are various. In 1908 the general subject was "The Christian Virtues and the Modern Conscience." Very interesting papers were read on the subjects of Conversion, Hope, Sin, Justice, Charity, &c., by Professor Seailles, Pastor Monod, and other leaders of the movement. In 1909 the meetings were devoted to social questions, such as Capitalism, Class-war, Prostitution, the Rights of Women, Authority, and Equality. In 1910 the debates were on the important problem of Children's Education. Some of the titles are quite typical:—"The lay culture of moral feelings" (by Professor Belot and Pastor W. Monod), "Religious neutrality in schools" (by Ferdinand Buisson, M.P., and Professor Bonet-Maury), "The place of faith in moral education" (by Pastor H. Monnier and Professor Belot), "Sexual education" (by Madame de Saint-Croix and Pastor Gounelle), "The Bible in modern education" (by Pastor Roberty and M. Vernes), "The social education of the child" (by Professor Parodi and Paul Passy). The debates this year had a more definitely practical character; they bore on the "French and Foreign Centres of Moral Culture," the Positivist Society, the Young Men's Christian Union, the Ethical Societies of England, Germany, and America, the French Catholic, Protestant, and lay activities. In all the meetings the general tone of the discussions was most cordial; men of different views have learnt to appreciate and understand each other. The membership of the League has been steadily increasing; its total now numbers 500. The meeting-hall is usually crowded. The Union does not limit its activity solely to lectures; it publishes a review which gives a full account of the debates; it has correspondents in many provincial towns. It sent delegates to the London Congress on Social Education in 1908, and to the Berlin Liberal Christian Congress in 1910. The central committee is preparing a plan of moral education, capable of becoming common to the children of Free Thinkers and Free Believers alike—a formidable task.

It would be nevertheless a mistake to give a too great importance to the League. The League has certainly been very useful—useful to Agnostics in helping them to realise the depth and breadth of Faith; useful to Christians in acquainting them with certain forms of modern thought. But we must not forget that the Union appeals to only a comparatively small public. Though the courteous cordiality of the meetings prevents members from entirely expressing their religious views, most of the debates only show too clearly that there is an abyss between the two conceptions of life—the religious and the positive. The great interest of the Union lies rather in its novelty; it is, above all, a sign of the times. It shows us that French Free Thinkers are ceasing to consider religion as an enemy of thought, and that Christians are trying to understand the Agnostic point of view in a spirit of sympathy.

It would be a mistake to consider the Union of Free Thinkers and Free Believers as a unique phenomenon. Many things seem to point at the present moment toward a revival of religion in France. In politics, the people are getting sick of the anti-clerical propaganda. Bergson, Boutroux, Delbos in Philosophy, Romain Rolland in Literature, are all insisting on the inner and deeper realities of life. Delbos is even a Catholic, and Boutroux is definitely religious in his views. One of the best French economists, Professor Richard, has recently become converted to Protestantism. The appearance of a Radical-Socialist semi-religious paper like the "Droits de l'Homme," and of a Catholic Republican daily paper, like "La Démocratie," is another interesting fact. The lectures organised by the Protestant review, "Foi et Vie," on moral and religious problems, have been given by men like Poincaré, the celebrated mathematician; Charles Gide, the great economist; Delbos, Grasset, Boutroux, Richard, Strowsky, and some of the leaders of the Protestant Churches. The other day, at the lecture-hall of "Foi et Vie," Bergson was presiding at a conference on the "Realities that Science cannot attain." In the masses, the Protestant missions among the miners of the north of France are working silently and steadily.

It appears, in any case, that France will not stay in her present irreligious position. Everybody feels conscious of a moral crisis; there is something wrong, and many are already looking back towards Rome. If we wish to understand the present state of France, we must not forget that the country has really never been irreligious. As a matter of fact, it was really the need of a superior conception of religion that drove many of the present Agnostics out of the Church of Rome. They tried to find a substitute for religion in the Positivist ideal, in the Democratic principle, in Art, Music, and Science. But Science has been losing its divinity, and the masses have lost their former enthusiasm for the Republic. It is difficult to believe long in Democracy without a definitely religious faith. A great scepticism, coupled with a deep uneasiness, is spreading everywhere. People wait for something. Souls are thirsting for life, and if nothing is given to them they may turn back to Rome, and that would be the end of independent thought and the end of Democracy.

It is, of course, impossible to foretell the future of a great country like France; our experience is always so limited, and things are so very complex. It would be childish to expect a sudden revival of religion; real life moves slowly. We must not forget, moreover, that those who really seek the great Realities are only a small minority. Notwithstanding all this, the present state of the French mind seems to show abundantly that there is room for a broad Christian movement, led by unsectarian Protestants, Liberal Catholics who have left the Church without losing their faith, and Free Thinkers who are returning to Religion. The latter are more numerous than one might think, especially among the student class. The present writer thinks that it is not too much to say that a progressive religious movement in France is a question of life or death for the country and Democracy. France may return to Rome, of course, but she may also enter into a new period of Faith. If the numerous Frenchmen who cannot accept either Ultramontane obscurantism or anti-clerical intolerance, but who feel the greatness and the truth of Religion, are unselfish enough to unite, the land of St. Louis and Pascal, of Calvin and Lamennais, will once more astonish the world.—Yours, &c.,

ANDRÉ DE BAVIER.

Communications.

DEER-HUNTING IN THE NEW FOREST.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I recently put a series of questions in the House of Commons, addressed to the Secretary to the Treasury as representing the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, concerning the deer in the New Forest. The object of these questions has been much misunderstood, and I have even

been pilloried in the pages of a London newspaper as guilty of "Vandalism," because the writer conceived that I wish to see all the deer in the Forest removed or exterminated; whereas, in truth and in fact, nobody would lament more than I should, if it were necessary to denude the New Forest of these beautiful and most appropriate denizens of its woods and glades. I should be most grateful, therefore, if you would grant me the hospitality of your columns in order that I may explain both the purpose of my questions, and the facts of the case, which are, certainly, not a little remarkable.

During last Easter holidays, while I was staying in the New Forest (by no means for the first time, and I devoutly trust not for the last), one of the residents said to me, speaking with much earnestness:—"Sir, if the people of England only knew how cruel it is to hunt these little fallow deer in these thick woods, they would insist on putting an end to it." Now, this man lives in the heart of the Forest, and knows it intimately from end to end. Moreover, he is thoroughly conversant with the deer-hunting of which he speaks from his own knowledge and long experience, for his vocation constantly takes him out with the hounds; and he was, in fact, speaking against his own interests in contending that it should be put down. In explanation of his statement, he set before me the following considerations: Not only, said he, do the hounds as a general rule bite and tear the hunted deer before the huntsman can get up to put an end to its misery, but in these thick woods, on a windy day, with, perhaps, twenty couple of hounds running, no huntsman or whip in the world can prevent, say, four or five hounds breaking away after a deer other than that which is being pursued by the main body of the pack, and running it down in some unknown spot, where, after tearing and mauling it, they will leave it to die a lingering death. He assured me, as a matter within his own experience, that this is by no means an infrequent occurrence, and I obtained further independent and trustworthy evidence to the same effect.

I believe, therefore, that this form of hunting is, as a matter of fact, more cruel than the hunting of the carted deer; for these hounds hunt to *kill*, whereas the followers of the carted deer at least desire to save the animal's life, in order that it may afford "sport" on another occasion, though they cannot, of course, evade responsibility for those so-called "accidents" which must—and constantly do—occur when a deer is turned out in a country intersected by barbed wire, "spiked-iron" fences, and other dangerous obstacles.

In a word, it seems to me, however much the deer-hunters may denounce or deride the opinion, that to set hounds on these little fallow deer of the New Forest is, to put it plainly, an outrage on humanity.

But now I would ask your readers to take note of the really very remarkable circumstances of the case. In the year 1851 there was passed an Act called "The New Forest Deer Removal Act." By that Act it was provided that the right of the Crown to keep deer in the Forest should be extinguished, and absolutely cease, in consideration of which abandonment of a valuable right (as the Statute recites) the Crown was empowered to enclose 10,000 acres of the Forest, in addition to the 6,000 acres already enclosed. Thereupon, the Crown, of course, set to work to make some more of those hideous and gloomy enclosures, where crowded Scotch firs take the place of the old oaks and beeches of the original woods, though I was informed that only about 11,781 acres have been actually enclosed out of the 16,000 so allowed by law to be taken from the open Forest. But what of the deer? We are told that, at some date previous to 1868, they had been practically removed or destroyed. However that may have been, they have certainly been allowed since that date to increase and multiply. It is not, I believe, disputed that a considerable number, including some red deer, have been actually imported, I do not say by the representative of the Crown, but by the owners of private manors, who have designedly allowed these imported deer to stray from their own lands on to the Forest; and this, I fear, has not been done with the object of increasing the "amenities" of the Forest, but for the purposes of "sport"—i.e., for shooting and hunting purposes. In any case, it is admitted that the consideration for which the Crown was allowed to enclose an additional

10,000 acres of the Forest has absolutely failed. It is, indeed, pretended that, in official language, "there are no means of estimating the number of deer in the Forest" now, though in 1868 the then Deputy-Surveyor found not the slightest difficulty in estimating the number which were there in the year 1849 as about 2,000. (See his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Lords upon the Deer Removal Act, 1851, which reported in July, 1868.) It is, in fact, perfectly childish to say that the keepers and other officials in the New Forest could not estimate the number of deer at present there. A recent estimate which I have obtained from a source which seems to me a trustworthy one, puts the number at upwards of 800, and I shrewdly suspect that there are not less than 1,000.

I repeat, therefore, that the consideration in respect of which the Crown was allowed to enclose these 10,000 additional acres has completely failed. Will, then, the Crown restore these enclosed acres to the open Forest? It is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," and perhaps it will be done some day—when the sky rains larks! But, meantime, what is the position of the deer, and to whom do they now belong? The answer to that question appears to be quite simple. Deer, in their wild state, are animals *fera natura*, in which the law recognises no right of property. It is true that in a Royal Forest they belong to the Crown, but in this particular case the Crown has, by an arrangement which has been embodied in an Act of Parliament, relinquished its right to the deer, and allowed that right to be absolutely extinguished. They are, therefore, in the same position as are "the King's game of the forest," when they "do range out of the forest," for then, as Coke tells us, they "are at their natural liberty *et occupanti conceduntur*"—i.e., as a learned Judge interpreted it, in a recent case, "the person who found them might make himself owner of them." And quite in accordance with this view is the answer which I got in the House of Commons on June 1st last, when I was informed that licences to hunt deer in the Forest are not granted, for the simple reason that no licence is required! From which it would appear that anybody may hunt such deer, as animals *fera natura* no longer protected by the laws of the forest. If this be so (and there seems to be no escape from the conclusion) these poor deer are in a parlous and pitiful state indeed!

Let me add further, to complete my case, that, according to an answer given me on May 29th last, upwards of forty of the deer are killed annually by the hounds, and these are absolutely sacrificed to "sport," for the flesh of these hunted and tortured creatures is, of course, "worthless as venison."

And now, it will be asked, what is the purport of all this? *Quem ad finem*? Well, frankly, the object which I have in view is to put down the deer-hunting in the New Forest. I say nothing as to the merits or demerits of deer-hunting generally; but I do say that the New Forest is not the place for it. As well would it be to hunt the fallow deer in Richmond Park. Nay, that would be, on the whole, a better form of sport, for there it would be possible to keep the hounds in view, and to prevent the pack separating with such cruel consequences as those to which I have alluded. And here I am reminded that, in response to a humanitarian appeal, the late King was graciously pleased to put down the Royal Buckhounds. These New Forest deer are, it is true, no longer Royal deer; but the Forest is still a Royal Forest, and were his present Majesty to express a wish that in future they shall no longer be sacrificed for the amusement (to put it with as little offence as possible) of certain by no means glorious, however wealthy, sportsmen (many of them hunting on wheels), this cruel sport would soon be as extinct as the bull-baiting and bear-baiting of our forefathers.

My appeal, therefore, is not for the extinction of the New Forest deer; but, on the contrary, for their preservation.

If it be necessary to keep down their numbers, let this be done by the rifle, and, let us hope, by the rifle in expert hands. (The number killed last year, by the way, "by Crown officers," was 139.) It was but yesterday (June 3rd) that the "Times" published an appeal signed by some of "the most eminent living Zoologists and Botanists in this country," besides "a large number of prominent members of societies for the protection and study of wild life," praying that the Forest should not be used as a training-ground for troops. This appeal, as I am glad to see, is strongly backed

by a leading article. "The New Forest," says the "Times," "is unique in the strictest sense of the word. . . . Its attraction is pre-eminent alike for the ornithologist, botanist, and entomologist, as well as for all those who appreciate its beautiful scenery and manifold historic associations." Not the least of these attractions, to the lover of Nature and of animal life, are "the poor dappled fools," seen as I saw them but the other day among the old oaks and beeches of Boldre-Wood; and, let the deer-hunter say what he will, I am well content to take my stand with "the melancholy Jacques," protesting that we men

"Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place."

My cry, therefore, is "Long live the deer, but down with the deer-hunting!"—Yours, &c.,

G. G. GREENWOOD.

Letters to the Editor.

DOCTORS AND THE INSURANCE BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of yesterday you published an editorial on "Doctors and the Insurance Bill," in which I cannot help thinking that you show a want of knowledge of the position of the doctors.

This want of knowledge is fairly general, and, as the misunderstanding which exists between the doctors and the promoters of the Bill will go far to wreck its prospects of success unless removed, I beg the hospitality of your columns for a somewhat lengthy letter.

This misunderstanding is at once made clear if you will allow me to quote two sentences from your article.

In one you say, "We imagine that the doctors are fairly satisfied with the contingent provision of a 6s. capitation fee"; and in the other you "ask the representatives of the medical profession where lies the cause of violent resistance to the Bill?"

This imagined assumption of yours is, it seems to me, exactly the cause of the doctors' resistance.

I am not a general medical practitioner, and the Bill will affect me only indirectly, if at all, but I have been a general medical practitioner, and I have, I believe, accurate, and not imagined, knowledge of the attitude of the bulk of the profession towards the Bill, and anyone who reads accounts of meetings of the medical profession as reported in the "Medical Journal" will find, so far from "the doctors being satisfied with a 6s. capitation fee," they will not, in many districts at least, be satisfied with contract work on any capitation fee whatsoever.

What is more, it is also there made evident that their feeling on this is so strong, and, as I hope to be able to make clear to you, rightly so, that it is likely that they will not consent to act under the Bill on terms of contract work at a capitation fee, and will accordingly make the Bill unworkable, so far as its medical provisions are concerned.

Now, this is not a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence only, although it is true that the Bill, if carried into effective operation on the terms foreshadowed by Mr. George, will spell ruin to many, and perhaps most, of the profession, and that they could not accept his terms even were they inclined to do so.

There is another aspect. Club work, as carried out for the great friendly societies, has always been the *bête noire* of the profession. It has always been sweated work. The terms on which it has been contracted for have been come to as the result of a cut-throat competition which the doctors were mad enough to be parties to. It has been undertaken, often partly, because it incidentally led to other work on other terms, a condition which would largely cease under the Bill; and, partly because of this foolish competition, it was felt that if number one doctor did not accept these terms, then number two would do so, and number one would be left in the lurch.

Being sweated work, it has always been uncongenial and notoriously liable to be bad work (with, of course, exceptions), demoralising to the doctor and demoralising to the

patient; and cases have been known of doctors who have given it up, not on account of the unsatisfactory rate of pay, but on account of its demoralising effect upon themselves.

For many years the profession has been dissatisfied with it, and has been coming to the conviction that the insane competition between its members is unwise; and of recent years this dissatisfaction has been growing to a pitch which was likely to have brought concerted action to throw off the incubus of "club work" altogether and for ever, as anyone who refers to the medical journals of these years can readily find out for himself.

Now comes the Insurance Bill, and, though it says nothing of contract work or capitation fees, Mr. George has forecast a vast extension of such method of dealing with the doctors, and this despite the fact that at present by far the largest part of the work done by the medical profession for the class to whom the Bill, even with a low income limit, is to apply, is not done on contract terms.

Here, then, say the doctors, it is time to make a stand, and the reports in the medical journals of meetings held to discuss the Bill make it clear that they will not accept work under the Insurance Bill on any contract terms that are likely to be offered.

To make the Bill a success, the hearty co-operation of the medical profession is essential. The Bill may be driven through, and the medical benefits administered on contract lines, but if it is, then they will be accepted and worked by "the blacklegs" of the profession, to use your own expression. It looks as if they will not be accepted just by those members of the medical profession, to be served by whom it is to the interest of the community.

I believe that you will agree that this will not be to the benefit of the community.

Is it necessary that this line should be adopted?

Were terms satisfactory to the medical profession offered, it is certain that they would not only co-operate heartily with the Bill, but welcome it.

There is a friendly society—the National Deposit Friendly Society—whose arrangements, if somewhat modified, would be, there is reason to believe, satisfactory to the bulk of the profession, especially if combined with a reasonable income limit.

Their methods give:—1. Free choice of doctor. 2. Fees paid for work done.

If the Bill were to provide for, or to allow the Insurance Commissioners to provide for, some such arrangement with the doctors, and if, further, Mr. George were to express approval of some such method of dealing with the matter, or urge it, then, I believe that the hostility of the doctors would cease, and that they would do everything in their power to make the Bill the success which the aspiration it embodies to help those members of the community who are in need of help at the time when it is most urgent that they should have it, entitled Mr. George to expect it to meet with.—Yours, &c.,

PETER MACDONALD, M.D.

Ouse Lea, York.

June 18th, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I, as a casual reader of your paper, make a few remarks on your article "Doctors and the Insurance Bill"?

The average layman seems to think that the medical profession is opposing the Insurance Bill purely for "cussedness," as the Yankees say. That is far from the point, as if active criticism and adjustment is not made now, before the Bill is read a third time, the time is gone for ever when any adjustment can be effected, as this Bill strikes at the root of the livelihood of an ill-paid profession, especially those practising in a working-class district. You mention, first, Clause 14, which deals with the administration of medical benefits, subject to the approval of the "Insurance Commissioners." Who are these Insurance Commissioners? We, as medical men, wish to be adequately represented, both on the Board of Commissioners and on the Health Committees, for at present we are only to have two members, whereas the Friendly Societies have one-third, the deposit contributors one-third, and one-third by the County Council, no mention being made of medical representatives, except so far as a

doctor may casually become a member of one of these bodies, but not as an official member of his profession.

Secondly, as regards the capitation fee of six shillings, the doctor is not going to get all this; for where does the chemist come in? At present, under the bulk of Friendly Societies, the capitation fee is four shillings, the doctor gets all this, and supplies the medicine, but no surgical bandages, dressings, or splints; under the Bill, the doctor and chemist combined get six shillings between them, and have to supply everything, including instruments, dressings, in fact, everything that is necessary to conduct an illness, whether surgical or medical, from beginning to end. I hold a Provident Dispensary appointment where the male members pay at the rate of from four to six shillings a head per annum, and the medical staff gets three shillings, but does not have to supply any surgical appliances whatever, nor does the dispensary. Should a member require surgical treatment, he is either sent to a hospital or becomes a private patient, and pays a small fee direct to the doctor, and these members, to belong to this institution, must not be in receipt of more than thirty shillings a week. This scheme only just pays its way, from the dispensary point of view, and the doctor finds it pays on account of the small extra fees he picks up through surgical work. Now, under the Bill, this will end, and the dispensary will get three shillings, the doctor three shillings, and have no extra fees, but extra work and a larger amount of it; a great number of the doctor's paying patients, who, on an average, pay him one pound a year, will be swept into the scheme, and become three-shillings-per-annum patients.

Thirdly, the suggestion that the better class man should pay an extra retaining fee, say, five shillings, is poor comfort for the loss of many many pounds per annum, besides pauperising the recipients of this quasi-state charity, who in the past have paid their way, quite satisfied with the modest two-and-sixpence or three-and-sixpence a visit and medicine or dressings charged by the doctor.

The legislature seems to think that doctors are "bloated capitalists," and can have their incomes docked without embarrassing them financially. The average income for doctors all over the country, in services and in state appointments, is £200 per annum—it is an exceedingly good practice that yields four figures; and out of that income the bulk goes in expenses, such as rent, rates, taxes—no small item nowadays—insurances, various, such as death, sickness, and accident, servants, burglary, fire, &c., upkeep of carriage or motor with man, surgery expenses, drugs, &c., books, instruments, and such like; then, lastly, his own household expenses, which are heavier than most people in his financial position, for the doctor is "supposed" to have "pots of money," and has to dress decently and also his wife and children, has occasionally to entertain those who entertain him and his, all this out of an income varying from £500 to £1,250. So you see that the doctor has a just complaint when he sees his meagre income halved at one fell swoop, without any compensation. The doctor in the future, if this Bill passes, will have to walk or use the tram, if any are available, and the next generation of medical men will be distinctly lower persons in the social scale, and will live in the poorer districts, where rents are cheaper; for what doctor at present would put a son or daughter into medicine with a prospect in the future of earning £200 to £500 at the maximum? Better far put him or her into the grocery or haberdashery trade, where, with certain business instinct, application, and a small capital, an income of three or four times the maximum medical one can easily be earned.

In conclusion, I say, remember the proverb, "the laborer is worthy of his hire."—Yours, &c.,

A. ELSLIE CRABBE.

London, S.E.

THE STATE AND THE TELEPHONES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In view of the taking over of the National Telephone Company's system by the Post Office on December 31st, and the speeches of the Postmaster-General regarding the suggestion of the London Chamber of Commerce that a new telephone authority should be appointed, I expected that a considerable correspondence would have been called forth on

the subject in your columns, but it does not appear to have evoked anything like the interest it deserves.

The relative advantages and disadvantages of the administration of the telephones by the Post Office as a State monopoly and by a new telephone authority have been dealt with on several occasions by Mr. Herbert Samuel. In my opinion, his arguments at Cardiff on April 18th disposed conclusively of the latter suggestion, if for no other reason than that, as he said, "it would involve the loss of millions of money in duplicating the Post-Office system of poles and underground pipes, which were used jointly for telegraphs and telephones . . . also a great outlay for new buildings."

But there is another aspect of the question, which was put before the Postmaster-General last February by a deputation consisting of over 300 representatives of local authorities—103 Municipal Corporations in England, Scotland and Wales; ten County Councils, twenty-eight Urban District Councils, the Association of Municipal Corporations, the Association of Urban District Councils, the Association of County Councils, the Convention of Royal Burghs, and other bodies. They pointed out to Mr. Samuel that ninety-eight per cent. of the telephone calls being local, the option ought to be given to local authorities to administer the service in their own areas (as now delimited for telephone purposes) when they are willing to do so, and they asked him to appoint a Select Committee to consider the subject.

The 1905 Committee on the Telephone Purchase Agreement expressly recommended that the Agreement should not be allowed to become operative until a pledge had been given to the House that nothing should be done by the Government between then and January, 1912, whereby the question of future ownership and management of local telephone installations might be prejudiced, and that unless by a vote of the House it were otherwise determined, the Post Office should continue to grant licences to municipalities. In the subsequent debate in the House of Commons Mr. Austen Chamberlain, replying to Mr. Lough's proposal that the question should be specifically left open, said, "Was anything done by this Agreement which prejudiced the future of these installations when they came into the possession of the Postmaster-General in 1911? No." He went on to say: "In 1911 Parliament might decide that the telephone system should be worked locally throughout the country by the municipalities or other local representative bodies, and the Postmaster-General might sell or rent the plant in each local area to the municipality or other local representative body."

Mr. Lough's motion was pressed to a division and was supported by 110 members against 187—the 110 including a number of the gentlemen who now occupy seats on the Treasury Bench. Surely if they have any regard for consistency they ought to agree to the deputation's reasonable request for an inquiry before the Post Office enters into formal possession of practically the whole telephone service of the country.

It has been objected that the fact of the Post Office controlling the trunk lines makes its control of the local service inevitable if efficiency is to be ensured. But anyone familiar with the technical working of a telephone exchange knows that there is nothing in this objection. Here in Glasgow we have two systems, the Post Office and the National Telephone Company. If a Post Office subscriber wishes to speak to a subscriber on the National system in London, he says to the exchange operator "trunks, please," and when the trunk operator comes on he asks for London, giving the number there of the subscriber with whom he wishes to be connected. Precisely the same thing happens in the case of N.T.C. subscribers in Glasgow wishing to speak to subscribers in London, and would, of course, happen in the case of subscribers to a municipal telephone. There is absolutely no difficulty.

The small number of subscribers in England has been commented on—one per 100 inhabitants—compared with the United States—one to twenty. I have not verified these figures, but one to twenty was the proportion in Glasgow when we sold our municipal telephone undertaking to the Post Office. After years of agitation, Glasgow succeeded in getting the Government to authorise the Post Office to grant municipal telephone licences. The number of telephones in Glasgow was then under 5,000, and the number of call offices a few dozens. By the time the municipal exchange had been

in full swing for four or five years, the number of telephones in use—National and Corporation—was over 40,000, a greater number than Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Bristol combined. We had 1,355 call offices, against a total of 229 in these five cities, and the service by both systems was incomparably more efficient than it ever had been previously to municipal competition, or than it has been since the competition ceased.

The needs of almost every locality vary, and only the people in close touch with these needs can supply them efficiently and economically. I am well aware that few municipalities would face the trouble and worry of starting municipal telephone services with the certainty of being thwarted at every turn by the departmental officials, who have shown themselves persistently hostile. But some town and county councils have sufficient civic patriotism to undertake the task, and, if they were allowed to do so, they would give the country such an object-lesson that their example would soon be followed by others.

With regard to rates, Glasgow gave an unlimited service at £5 5s. per annum, and there is no doubt that this could be done in every town outside of London. Indeed, a lower rate would be sufficient in the small towns, and still lower rates in the villages, for, unlike most businesses, the larger a telephone system the higher the ratio of working expenses to revenue.

The Stockholm Company, with some 57,000 subscribers (population 342,000), charges £4 8s. 10d. per annum for unlimited service over a radius of forty-three miles, and £2 for service limited to 600 calls, with five öre (slightly over a halfpenny) for each additional call. There are smaller towns in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark giving still lower rates, so that the present measured rate of the Post Office and the National Company of £5 for 500 calls is not only altogether exorbitant, but is practically what the rate ought to be for unlimited service in large areas.

Under these circumstances, it seems to me that the Government ought to give facilities for the adoption of something like the scheme spoken of (though not approved) by Mr. Austen Chamberlain in the debate in 1905, by offering to sell or rent the plant in each local area to the municipality or other local representative body.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. STEVENSON.

Glasgow, June 16th, 1911.

WOMEN AND THE INSURANCE BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—When Miss Llewelyn Davies says in your issue of June 10th that the "unpaid home-work is as arduous, useful, and honorable as any paid work in factory or office," I heartily agree with her, and I would put the case stronger than she does, and say that, as far as the State is concerned, the unpaid home-work of mothers is far more useful than any other kind of work that women can do.

When Mr. Lloyd George says that the prevention of disease is to be one of the chief functions of his National Insurance Bill, what on earth does he mean by refusing help to the mothers who stay at home and do the greatest work in preventive medicine that any human being can possibly do?

During the last four years my attention has been particularly directed to this problem through my work connected with "Infant Consultations." An excellent paper on the work of these institutions was read at the recent Conference on the Prevention of Destitution by Dr. McCleary, M.O.H. for Hampstead.

There can be no doubt that these are the only institutions in the country where the very commencement of disease in infancy can be studied, long before the mothers are at all aware that their children are ailing. I find that the infants belonging to the non-wage-earning mothers do far better on the whole than those belonging to the wage-earners. Foster mothers do not make adequate substitutes in these cases.

The mother who stays at home looking after her infant often gets ill for a time, with the result that the natural supply of milk is curtailed and the infant has to be fed on cow's milk; a serious economic problem at once presents itself, particularly when the father is not in any definite work, and therefore does not receive regular pay, and there are other children to be provided for. The result often is that the child is insufficiently fed, and consequently the

foundation is laid of physical defects which will be reported in due time when the child comes under the supervision of the school medical inspector.

There can be no doubt that if the mother could receive some sick pay in order to purchase milk for her infant, the State would in the long run spend much less money by attending to the early months of infancy, rather than leaving things to take their course, with the result that at school age the physical defects have to be treated at a greater cost.

Then, again, our campaign against tuberculosis becomes a mockery, if we leave the mother suffering from consumption in contact with the children all day, and exclude her from the sanatorium benefit.

I fear this Bill is going to cost very much more money than the Chancellor anticipated, but, in the long run, it will cost us far less if we only begin early enough in our preventive measures.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD CARTER, M.D.

Kensington, June 19th, 1911.

WHY PEOPLE DO NOT GO TO CHURCH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The following passage from Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology" * seems to suggest at least one, if not the chief, reason why our churches are being more sparsely attended year by year. The words are put into the mouth of "an independent observer living in the far future," who says, in criticising our modern methods of religious worship:—

"They had at one time cruelly persecuted this ancient people—Jews they were called—because that particular modification of the Jewish religion which they, the English, nominally adopted, was one which the Jews would not adopt. And yet, marvellous to relate, while they tortured the Jews for not agreeing with them, they substantially agreed with the Jews. Not only in the law of retaliation did they outdo the Jews, instead of obeying the quite opposite principle of the teacher they worshipped as divine, but they obeyed the Jewish law and disobeyed this Divine Teacher, in other ways—as in the rigid observance of every seventh day, which he had deliberately discountenanced. Though they were angry with those who did not nominally believe in Christianity (which was the name of their religion), yet they ridiculed those who really believed in it; for some few people among them, nicknamed Quakers, who aimed to carry out Christian precepts instead of Jewish precepts, they made butts for their jokes. Nay, more; their substantial adhesion to the creed they professedly repudiated, was clearly demonstrated by this, that in each of their temples they fixed up in some conspicuous place the ten commandments of the Jewish religion, while they rarely, if ever, fixed up the two Christian commandments given instead of them."

The fact of the matter is that we are only just realising the truth that the system of religion taught by Christ Himself—namely, to love God and to love mankind—is far better fitted for an intelligent and civilised community than the Mosaic ritual preserved in the Anglican Church services. The process of realisation is certainly slow. Perhaps it will prove equally sure.—Yours, &c.,

R. T. GLADSTONE.

Bovingdon, Herts.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A new significance has been given to your correspondence on Church-going by the deliberations of the Scottish General Assemblies. It would seem that even Presbyterianism is beginning to doubt itself. Except within the bounds of a very few very narrow sects, it is questionable whether there is anywhere to be found a group of reverentially-minded persons who are really satisfied with existing rites and creeds. The difficulty is not so much that the worshipping instinct is dying out as that materialised forms of religion are in the very nature of things incapable of expressing adequately its finest and most spiritualised yearnings. People no longer feel that their highest ideals are realised in church. It is possible to have a common ritual, impossible to have a common religion, and men no longer care to worship when their manner of worship does not express their religion. We all worship some deity, however nebulous a conception it may be of truth, beauty, equality, goodness, the ultimate goal of society—what you will. But is it possible for us to join fervently in a communal worship,

* Pp. 141-142.

even if our deity be something slightly more conventional than these? The soul is a born hermit, shrinking into itself and shunning outward expression when its most sacred depths are stirred. It is only in a stage of civilisation little removed from barbarism that the joint repetition of a set form of prayers, or a joint assent to the extemporary outpourings of one man, or the communal singing of hymns can give real satisfaction to the spiritual side of man. The civilised soul must retreat into itself because it is too highly specialised a thing to be capable of finding absolute community of ideal with others, however much its ideals may be built up of, or selected from, the ideals of others. It looks as though the more social the community outwardly becomes, the more men tend to lock their deeper thoughts into utter isolation.

Again, worship is not an attitude of mind which can be automatically acquired every seventh day. It is to most minds a rare and precious phase fled almost sooner than realised. In these days it is almost impossible to attain to it in a town, for though some minds are influenced by impressive services, they belong to a type which is becoming more and more unusual as society grows more and more spiritualised. It is not, of course, a mood entirely dependent upon outward conditions, but it is largely influenced by them, especially in sensitive souls, and is therefore more likely to be attained in the country and among beautiful surroundings than in a crowded building or in ugly streets. "Transcendental feeling" has been defined as a union with the absolute gained by an inspired realisation of beauty in objects or ideas. The conception of, or desire for, beauty in any spiritual form seems to me to be the real meaning of worship, and the connection of church-going with such worship can surely be, in general, merely accidental. The old Sabbatarianism is inevitably discarded like an outgrown shoe as humanity gains in stature. Anthropologists tell us that Sabbatarianism was founded on the old superstition that it was unlucky to work at the change of the moon. The spirit of it seems to be passing away with the superstition and with church-going, but a finer and purer religion is taking its place.

As I write, I look from the window over a vast panorama of a huge tract of London. St. Paul's and the Abbey are both visible to me in the evening light, and the acres of closely-packed houses and factories are studded with church towers and spires. London is a totally different city seen from different points of view. To me it appears mainly as a disease, the most terrible symptoms of which are poverty and vice. What skill have the churches displayed as physicians? They have shunned even the task of diagnosing the disease, and have left sin to lurk behind an unholy veil of shame. Modern science alone has courage to grapple with the problem, and has given the world that practical love of humanity which is the vital religion of to-day. To a religion of this kind questions of creed and doctrine are immaterial and irrelevant.—Yours, &c.,

WILMA M. MEIKLE.

20, Bisham Gardens, Highgate, N.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED., NATION.]

WAGES AND EDUCATION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Is not the sadly convincing account of the decline of real wages given by Mr. Chiozza Money in the last *NATION* to hand only a necessary concomitant of the condition of popular education revealed by the Morant-Holmes circular, and the subtle policy underlying it?

The old, familiar "law of supply and demand" is still sometimes a convenient guide, or first approximation; and if, on the whole, the brain-workers are reaping more than their share of the profits of trade while a constantly diminishing share is left for the hand laborers, does it not indicate that more directing brains are wanted, while some hands might be spared? Ought not, therefore, for purely commercial reasons, the educational ladders to be strengthened and enlarged so as to facilitate the recruiting of brain power from all ranks of society, instead of having them blocked and obstructed by any organisation of "superior persons"?

Mr. Chiozza Money does indeed already hint that the

explanation of the greater success of the German workman in securing his proper wages may probably be traced to his better education. And I should like to claim consideration for my thesis on the widest possible grounds. The same mail as brought your article brings an eloquent appeal from Prof. John Joly, F.R.S., for more encouragement and more recruits for the army of investigators in pure and applied Science; and every week brings fresh records of the achievements of mind in the elucidation of Nature's secrets and their application in the daily, more complicated, service of man. Is now the general body of the nation allowed its fair share in the understanding of, in keeping in touch with, that rapid development in knowledge, and thence in trade? Every department of life is daily becoming more complex, more difficult to keep control of, by any but the most carefully trained minds. Not only Science and Trade demand this deeper training, but the workers' own leader, whether in the trade union or in Parliament, must have some grasp of the whole of modern conditions if he is to achieve what is asked of him for the class he represents.

Is it not, therefore, from every point of view, high time to press for universal compulsory education up to fifteen?—Yours, &c.,

A. B. C.

Bengal, May 18th, 1911.

THE PEERS—A COLONIAL SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Let me venture to make a suggestion which, if carried into effect, would tend to clear the atmosphere in the controversy concerning the House of Lords and the privileges of its members. On this continent titles are unknown, except in a few cases, where Canadians have, for reasons that are usually obscure, been adorned with Imperial knighthoods. Any proposal to give the Government at Ottawa, or that at Washington, the power to create dukes, earls, or any other titular distinctions, would be hailed with enthusiastic ridicule. It would be repugnant to the universal common-sense. What sound reason is there why the system prevailing in North America should not be adopted in Great Britain, and why all titles should not be there abolished by law?

The noblemen at present holding seats in the House of Lords could not reasonably object, as their legislative powers would not be interfered with by such a measure, and, in any event, they hold that they are where they are on their merits. As for those outside the House, it is difficult, if not impossible, to see on what ground they can claim to be entitled to consideration. The change is one that is bound to come, and it might as well be now. It would help to place the questions involving the powers and privileges of the House of Lords fairly and squarely before the electorate, which must give the final decision upon them. It is conceivable that the House of Lords itself, in view of the menaced creation of new peerages, might look on this suggestion with favor.

That titles have an attraction for, and influence upon, minds of a certain class, is undeniable. That there is no foundation in reason for this is equally undeniable. Who is there that can in any way be injured if it be made known to the world that Lord Dedbroke is really John Henry Smith?

CANADENSIS.

Manitoba Club, Winnipeg.

"DIALECT WORDS."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The writer of the article on above subject quotes the American expression "I guess" as being used in Lincolnshire, and says that it was probably one of many old English words carried over by early settlers, and now more used in America than here. It occurs in Chaucer's portraiture of the Squire in the "Prologue," "Of twenty years he was of age, I guesse," and it also crops up in the "Knights Tale," showing its prevalence in England as far back as the fourteenth century.—Yours, &c.,

J. H. JONES.

Trafford Road, Eccles, June 19th, 1911.

THE CASE OF MISS KATE MOLECKA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—During the past two months questions have been asked in the House of Commons about a case which should appeal not only to the friends of the lady concerned, but to all who value freedom and believe in England's duty to protect her own subjects, especially when they are struggling in a noble cause. Miss Kate Molecka is not only a British subject, born at Folkestone; her father, a Polish patriot, became a naturalised Englishman himself, and the Foreign Office has recognised her English nationality by giving her a passport. She has lived the greater part of her life in England, where she supported her father in his old age by her talent as a musician, and, I may add, endeared herself to her friends and acquaintances by the fineness of her character. After her father's death she was anxious to help in the movement towards reform in Russia, and in April of this year she was arrested at Warsaw on a charge of conspiring against the Government. The Russian authorities, it would appear from the answers made by the Foreign Office to questions in the House, claim that though an English subject in England, in Russia she is still a Russian, in virtue of her father's birth. They have not allowed the British Consul in Warsaw to have access to her; eight weeks have already elapsed, and it has been impossible to communicate with her, or discover how she is treated, or when her trial is to take place. The reputation of Russian prisons and Russian treatment of "politicals" is not such as to leave her friends at rest. Thus, through some extraordinary doctrine of "dual nationality," an English lady is debarred from all communication with those who alone could help her in a most critical situation. Is not this to make a mockery of English nationality and even of English good faith? What right have we to allow naturalisation at all, if we do not intend to stand by our own subjects when they most need our care?—Yours, &c., F. MELIAN STAWELL.

44, Westbourne Park Villas, W.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—By the kindness of a friend I see and enjoy THE NATION regularly. But every now and then I groan at the extraordinary ignorance betrayed by it, in common with other Radical papers, on the subject of the parson and the squire. With the latter I am not concerned at present, but only with the former. I may add that I write without political prejudice, being a Radical myself.

I see in your last issue an article headed "A Village Hampden," in which the writer speaks of the "social alienation of the almost autocratic parson from his parish." Social alienation, forsooth!! Why, the parson is the only man in the parish who is not in some form or other socially alienated from somebody else. He calls on all alike, treats all with equal courtesy, and is a perpetual protest against the spirit of snobbery which is, alas! to be found in country parishes as well as in other more "advanced" places, but which has no foothold in the parsonage. Ask the village laborer who is "socially alienated" from him most—the farmer or the parson—and in 999 parishes out of 1,000, he will at once tell you that the parson is a real gentleman, *i.e.*, one who is the same to everybody and is quite humble and unpretentious.

Much more might be said, but let this suffice for the present.—Yours, &c., F. E. W. LANGDON (REV.)

Membury Parsonage, Axminster,
June 15th, 1911.

[We are really *not* so prejudiced as our correspondent thinks. We assure him that we have more than one country parson on our staff.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

A SONG OF THANKS.

ERE yet the bony hand of Death
Hath froze my blood and choked my breath,
I will give thanks (great thanks are due)

For joys I know, for joys I knew.

I would not enter the long night,
Leaving the earth and all delight,
Like some base churl, sullen and rude,
That shows no decent gratitude.

Evil I've known, and grief, and pain;
I've hoped in vain and striven in vain;
I have been lonely now and then,
An alien among busy men;
I have been sick through all my soul
Till some good wind hath made me whole:
But whatsoever pang or smart
Hath drawn my cheek, hath shook my heart,
I've been too humble or too proud
To utter much my woe aloud:
Nor have I sent beseeching sighs
To unknown gods in unknown skies.
Upon a wakeful couch to groan
Hath not been mine; for I have known
Few nights that have denied me sleep.
And if I've had no friend to keep,
And if my breast no woman's breast
In no embrace of love hath prest,
This is not cause to sorrow long.
Come let me sing my thankful song.

Thanks for all colors, dim or bright,
That bring the temperate soul delight:
For suns that redly set and rise,
White moons creeping up blue skies,
Purple pathways wandering
Through the fresh warm greens of Spring,
Waveless water softly sway'd
With weeds moving in its shade,
Poppies 'mid the silver-greens
Of the honey-flower'd beans,
Violet shadows gently thrust
O'er the roadway's mellow dust,
Gooseberry leaves grown yellow and red—
Everywhere my feet are led,
Colors fair and very fair
Fill my soul and linger there.

Thanks for sweet scents: for breath of flowers
That raise pure faces after showers;
For the dear odors of the Spring,
The smell of woodruffe withering,
The wallflower in the crannied rocks,
The hawthorn blossom that unlocks
Within my heart a holiest place;
For roses, and that child of grace
The creamy, plummy meadowsweet;
For smell of firs where branches meet;
For smoke of burning twigs and leaves,
Borne on some little wind that grieves,
When garner'd are the latest sheaves.

Thanks for sweet sounds: for waters flowing,
Wind through bowing grasses blowing;
For the little skylark's trilling,
Wondrously the wide air filling;
For the nobler voice of man,
Who can sing as none else can;
For oboes, harps, violoncelloes,
Played in smooth concert with their fellows:
Yea, for all good sounds I've known,
Or made by man or nature's own,
From the haughty trumpet's calling,
To lisp of rain on green leaves falling.

Thanks, all thanks for good men's faces;
For the simple natural graces
Shown in many a lovely lass
I have chanced to meet, to pass;
For the books that in their hours
Have been dear to me as flowers;
For the clouds, the winds, the sun.
Yea, for good things every one
That I knew, or that I know,
Let me sing the thanks I owe.

And when at last shall fail my breath,
And all my pleasure withereth,
Thanks for death, for dreamless death.

A. STEVENSON NICOL.

Reviews.

THE REPUBLICAN IDEA.

"The Republican Tradition in Europe." By H. A. L. FISHER.
(Methuen, 6s. net.)

"ALL that we have defended, the Conservatives have realised. Who sustained the idea of the autonomy of Hungary? A Republican, Kossuth. Who realised it? A Conservative, Deak. Who advanced the idea of the abolition of serfdom in Russia? Republicans. Who realised it? An Emperor, Alexander. Who preached the unity of Italy? A Republican, Mazzini. Who realised it? A Conservative, Cavour. Who originated the idea of the unity of Germany? The Republicans of Frankfurt. Who realised it? An Imperialist, a Cæsarist, Bismarck. Who has awakened the Republican idea three times stifled in France? A celebrated poet, Victor Hugo; a great orator, Jules Favre; another orator, no less illustrious, Gambetta. Who has consolidated it? Another Conservative, Thiers." Mr. Fisher concludes his eloquent and interesting study with this quotation from Castelar, the orator of Andalusia, who, as Minister of State, received Bradlaugh with his message of welcome to the new Spanish Republic in 1873, the only writer, as we learn from Mr. Fisher's preface, who has attempted a complete survey of Republican history. The Republic of which Castelar was one of the ornaments only lived two years and a half, and it is melancholy to reflect that the rule which Castelar observed to be working almost everywhere, the rule that Republicans prepared and Conservatives consolidated, has yielded scantier fruit in his own country than almost anywhere else. This brief interval represents almost as large a share in the government of one nation as Republicanism has enjoyed in the government of Europe as a whole since the new epoch that dates from the French Revolution. Surely no passion, or gospel, or doctrine has done so much in such brief spells of power as the passion which, from time to time, has been lighted into life by the glowing memories of Paris. The century that has followed Waterloo has been marked by few changes from monarchy to republicanism, but it has been so full of the triumphs of the Republican imagination as half to justify the old French boast that Europe would be divided between republicanism and the Cossack. Let anyone try to picture all that has followed to Italy from the single hour of sublime government that Mazzini gave to Rome and Garibaldi converted into the most romantic of all the memories of the century. The risings of 1848—the year, as Mr. Fisher says, when republicanism reached its zenith—were put down very quickly, but their light was never quite put out. Mr. Fisher himself goes so far as to say that the Republican movement has done its work, because its ideals have been appropriated and fused into the political system of Europe. This is in a sense true, for the Republican movement was largely a movement for constitutional government, for representative government, and to advance from absolutism to a general suffrage may be considered a longer journey than an advance from a constitutional monarchy to a republic. Men are republicans now, because they trace certain definite evils to the institution of monarchy, but the old mobilising passion was something far more positive and energetic; it was the belief that a republic would bring the millennium, that there was some peculiar magic in a republic that would destroy unhappiness and injustice, and that all the miseries of the world were the gifts of kings.

How far the evils associated with monarchy are removable by getting rid of monarchy, it is not always easy to decide. Sycophancy and snobbery fasten upon it, but though monarchy encourages these vices, it must not be assumed, as a matter of course, that without monarchy they would be starved to death. Under the old aristocratic régime the members of the powerful class talked of the Georges in language which it is refreshing to read, but there has never been a régime in England in which sycophancy or snobbery were more rife. We have only to remember how Burke thought and talked of the eighteenth-century aristocracy, and the whole tone of English society, with Whitfield trying to match the servility of the Bishops. It is a bad thing for a nation to fawn upon a man, but, it is, perhaps, more mischievous for it to fawn upon a class. Blackstone said that

the old Forest Laws set up one mighty hunter in the land, but that the Game Laws set up a little Nimrod in every manor. The English social system had a similar effect. We may be thankful that the aristocracy found curb and bit and bridle for our kings, but we should be a good deal more thankful if they had not proceeded to monopolise all power themselves, and to establish a tyranny of their own. There is a Republican tradition in England which is anything but democratic. As Mr. Fisher points out, Milton's ideal was an England in which the shires were controlled by the nobility and chief gentry, with houses or palaces befitting their quality. The classics which are supposed to have driven the French Revolutionaries mad, had the effect on England of stimulating this admiration for republicanism of an aristocratic type. Hobbes lamented that the civil troubles of the seventeenth century were due to the study of the Greek and Latin classics, and the same influence was seen a good deal later in the republicanism of London, when elegant and fastidious sense was revolted alike by the idea of monarchy, and the habits and manners and privations of common men.

The event that linked the Republican idea with democratic conceptions was, of course, the French Revolution. The Revolution began in a crusade against social inequality, a passionate onslaught on all the superstitions of rank. From 1789 the term "aristocrat," which elsewhere tickles a man's self-esteem, became to the normal Frenchman a word of sinister insult. He did not think of the "generous saucers" that according to Fielding enrich the blood of noble families, but of traditions of desertion, treachery, and reluctant and disloyal citizenship. This movement, by a series of accidents, described very vividly by Mr. Fisher, became Republican. It may be that it was bound to become Republican sooner or later. However that may be, the foolishness, or the obstinacy, or the treachery of the Court, or all three combined, turned the Revolutionary movement into a Republican movement, and thus the two ideas of social equality and Republican administration became irrevocably associated. The fortunes of Republican Government in the years that followed are traced in some graphic pages in Mr. Fisher's volume, and they leave the reader wondering what might not have happened if the plot and conspiracy of the Jacobin Directors and Napoleon, in 1797, had not destroyed the promise of the better régime introduced by Carnot and Barthélemy. By that year Pitt had learnt the full extent of his strange miscalculations, and was prepared to go great lengths to make peace. If Malmesbury, who in Burke's bitter phrase crawled on his stomach to Paris, had had to deal with Barthélemy, and not with the heroes of the *coup d'état* of Fructidor, the history of Europe would have been very different. But though republicanism has passed through many vicissitudes in France, nobody will deny that fundamental institutions and the basis of her strength have been rooted in her republican ideas, and that it was only by accepting those social institutions that rulers who abolished her republics could establish themselves in power. For France now to revoke her choice would be to break with her best memories and to inflict a great calamity upon Europe, whose politics are infinitely the richer for the possession of this great witness to Republican ideals.

FINE FAILURE.

"The Agonists: A Trilogy of God and Man." By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT's rendering of the tragic Minoan legend has, at any rate, two fine virtues. The thing has been done in a large style, suitable to the tremendous, dreadful scope of a legend which reaches from humanity divinely loved and fathered down to humanity unspeakably perverted by atrocious imaginations; that is Mr. Hewlett's first virtue. The second is, that the stories are really re-told, not simply told over again. The first virtue is a consequence of the second, and of the particular way in which Mr. Hewlett has managed the re-telling. A poet will not make much of a myth or legend unless it has a special significance for him; and his use of it must be thoroughly controlled thereby. But the significance may be either one of pure beauty, or it may be intellectual; at best it will be both. Mr. Hewlett has not

managed to achieve that best; the story of the house of Minos from his height of pride which conquers even the shame brought on him by Pasiphaë, through the tragedy of Ariadne to his own lonely death and the death of Phædra, his daughter, and of Hippolytus, her victim—this dark story lives in "The Agonists" with a significance that is almost entirely intellectual. Undoubtedly, Mr. Hewlett has found an excellent office for the fable to serve. It is in his version meant "to express dramatically the fallacies which underlay the ancient conceptions of Godkind and Mankind"; or, in a better phrase (we quote from the preface), it exhibits "the failure of God to implant himself in man, and of man to receive into his nature the Divine substance." Towards the end of the last play the chorus sums up the whole matter of the trilogy thus:—

"What is the Wisdom of God without Power of God?
What Power, Wisdom, without the Love that is only in men,
Only for them? Our masters have trod
And bruised us to blood—and how shall Love come again,
Since Wisdom ministers Lust, and Power spreadeth Lust
abroad?"

Minos, in the first play, is Wisdom without Power; Dionysus, in the second, is Power and Wisdom incapable of Love or of winning Love; Phædra, in the third, is Love without Wisdom or Power, and that is lust, and lust which is self-destructive. The tragedy of the whole, therefore, is that neither the divinity in it nor the humanity is perfect and complete, since the three essential qualities never co-exist. And the inference is plain, that neither with a divinity nor a humanity of this kind can the highest desires of the mind for perfection be satisfied; and the epilogue Mr. Hewlett promises, in which that satisfaction is to be shown possible only in the Christian idea of the Incarnation, will bring the poem to a conclusion desirable both æsthetically and logically. At present, the trilogy can hardly be said to conclude; it ends off, and seems as if waiting for the finality which, being strongly implied, is the more needed.

It will be easily seen that the legend, being compelled to serve an intellectual significance of such ambitious scope, will turn to something large in Mr. Hewlett's rendering; and so it certainly does. The poem, of course, is not entirely taken up with this philosophy. It is also a tripartite drama of men and women who, in a good expression of its author's—

"Stand awaiting the fate
That works askance in the mind;"

a drama, moreover, of a family to sin and destruction "sacred and devote," giving sinister new form to the ancient truth that—

"He who sinneth once
Cannot thereafter sorrow and do well,
But sows a fatal seed
Of shame where might renew honour's old citadel."

Nevertheless, the philosophical or theological significance Mr. Hewlett has imported into the Minoan legend does become the most obvious thing in the poem. It is hardly the case that, as the preface asserts, "a philosophical underflow ought to be discernible in the music"; rather is it the other way round; the reader almost finds himself endeavoring to discern music in the current of the poem's philosophy.

Perhaps that puts the prime fault in Mr. Hewlett's trilogy rather too strongly. It is certain, however, that Mr. Hewlett has not managed a complete fusion of the legend, and the significance he desires it to bear; the two are not conjoined with the subtlety and nicety which are so immensely important in such a performance. It is, as we have said, a fine significance; but after all it is nothing very startlingly profound. And there is, indeed, no reason why there should be tremendous profundity in the significance a poet means to read into legend; its cogency and power of stimulation must depend primarily on the way it is worked into the human material of the legend. There is nothing altogether astonishing in the significance Marlowe read into the Faust legend, if you extract it from his rendering and set it down in philosophic prose. "Dr. Faustus" is an astonishing, profound, and moving work, because its significance so mightily energises both its action and its poetry, and is, moreover, given an entirely human embodiment, wherein it sets up all manner of unexpected by-play and under-play. "The Agonists" is not a powerfully-moving poem, precisely because there is a lamentable lack in it of any such human

embodiment of the significance. The legend, for all its wealth of human material, has become a mere shell into which Mr. Hewlett has somewhat too masterfully fitted the intellectual meaning he intends us to find in it. Instead of encouraging, his significance simply cripples the sheer drama of the poem; each part of it has some serious fault in the action which we can only excuse when we perceive that the artistic fault aids the main philosophical theme. But a work of this kind should be very far from needing any such excuse. The philosophy ought not to master the drama; the drama should urge and reinforce the philosophy. This it is, perhaps, which mainly prevents "The Agonists" from powerfully seizing on our emotions. Thus, when Minos, immediately after learning Pasiphaë's miserable death, and, at the same time, her appalling, shameful crime, is instantaneously lifted into "ecstasy of pride," so that he exclaims, "I am a god," by merely hearing of his son's success in athletics, the drama becomes, as drama, a thing not to be believed in; the chief figure in it, we suddenly perceive, is not a human figure at all, but simply a vehicle for the intellectual theme. He is not even symbolic of the theme; for to be symbolic he must be credibly human as well as significant. Again, in "Ariadne in Maxos" the two chief figures, Ariadne and Theseus, are, one after the other, utterly deprived of all free will by Dionysus; and Mr. Hewlett has thereby utterly deprived this part of the poem of all drama; the human figures becoming simply puppets worked by the god's desire. And the consequent emphasis of the author's intellectual meaning is small compensation for the total loss of drama. Lastly, in "The Death of Hippolytus," the hero comes in and goes out without any dramatic reason whatever; he merely appears in order that the author may show what he and Phædra signify, and he goes out to his death (which should have happened long before) when the author has done with him.

Mr. Hewlett's intended intellectuality has also damaged the poetry in which "The Agonists" is written, though not so seriously as it has damaged the drama of the thing. The philosophy, however, has conspicuously failed to become fused into sensuous imagery; there are very few lines in the book which memory would desire to hold for their own sake. We may easily admit that the poetry as a whole is impressive, chiefly because of its energy, which is frequently admirable. But there is little achievement of verbal beauty, a thing of which Mr. Hewlett, as we know, is exceedingly capable when he likes; as witness "Artemision." There are, of course, fine passages in "The Agonists." This, spoken by the exiled Minos, is characteristic:—

"The just know me no more, nor have known
Since Anger held me, and Malice and Clamor,
Snarling tenants, entered me in
And bayed me mad, that I bit at Crete."

The description of Phædra has a compelling intensity and insistence:—

"Phædra resteth, of ruinous beauty, white with desire!
O gloomy, ravenous eyes,
O hair, black as the plumes of night!
Phædra, of smouldering eyes
Fired with the mutter of fire,
The burnt mouth of desire,
And writhing fingers of fever and fire!
Phædra, of snake-black hair
And searching face of a wolf!
Lo, a scalding drop of Pasiphaë's blood
Hisied on the white of her flesh,
And gave her a thirst never to tire."

That is good; "fired with the matter of fire" may be a conceit, but the man must be pitied who cannot read it with delight. Nevertheless, a poem of very considerable length, written in one unwearying manner, can hardly help wearying the reader at last; and "The Agonists" is so written. Failure to effect contrast of poetic manner is a serious fault, and especially serious in drama; and the curious thing is that the contrasting style, which would here be most desirable, is just the style which Mr. Hewlett can do so well.

But Mr. Hewlett, it would seem, has been chiefly concerned in his poetry with accomplishing a metrical innovation. He has invented a heresy which he expounds in his preface. "The burden of the iambic pentameter has been too many for the poets," he says. That is rather a queer

remark; certainly not a very wise one. Who are "the poets"? Chaucer, Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley? And was the burden of the hexameter "too many" for Homer, Lucretius, and Virgil? for what Mr. Hewlett is apparently driving at is a condemnation of verse written in a determined and pre-arranged pattern. In "The Agonists," he himself has endeavored "in every line, in every phrase, to give an immediate, personal and musical impress," by which he means that "the prosody has varied throughout with the mood of the personages, and as the dramatic situation called forth natural lyrical expression." In other words, he has dispensed with any metrical system whatever; his lines are to be taken as the free, direct, rhythmical expression of their content. It is plain that Mr. Hewlett supposes fixity of metrical form to result inevitably in monotony; "I have never been able to see," he says, "the propriety of expressing an infinite variety of moods in one conventional measure."

This is a bold heresy, and it may seem plausible to some who, like Mr. Hewlett, have not carefully thought out the universal principles of metrical composition. But the wise will judge by results. Is the five-foot line of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton monotonous? Is its burden "too many for them," and does it fail to express an infinite variety of moods? It is not worth while to answer such questions. On the other hand, is Mr. Hewlett's free versification monotonous? Decidedly yes; it shows a strong tendency to pass into a four-foot jiggling measure of dactyls and anapaests which becomes almost intolerably monotonous. But perhaps it is, nevertheless, an effective expression of emotion? Unfortunately, here again Mr. Hewlett's plausible theory has deceived him. The very freedom of his versification prevents it from being notably expressive. Pure speech-rhythm by itself (and that is all Mr. Hewlett's verse is made of) can seldom be greatly expressive; that is why prose comes below poetry. Expressiveness, a full and continuous emotional impulse in language, can only be obtained by studiously making speech-rhythm violate a basic fixity of metrical form; momentary departure from a constant form gives poetry its expressiveness. Mr. Hewlett cannot thus gain expressiveness, because he allows himself no metrical form to depart from. His lines have no entity, his measures no certainty. Mr. Hewlett must, indeed, be credited with perceiving that the stress makes the verse, not the verse stress; but it is extraordinary that he should be ignorant, and so proudly ignorant, of the other, equally important fundamental of prosody, the function of a basic metrical scheme. And when in the practice of all the great poets of the world, in the emotional effects which can be gained, and can only be gained, by imposing speech-rhythm as a sort of counterpoint over fixed and implied metrical rhythm—when in all this Mr. Hewlett can only see vain and improper attempts at "expressing an infinite variety of moods in one conventional measure," we can but conclude that his theory has run away with him, or that he has never seriously sat down to think about the elements of prosody,—or of any artistic expression, since prosody is only a particular case of the general rule that formal rigor is as necessary to perfect expression as vehement motion.

Mr. Hewlett's verse cannot certainly be condemned wholesale; it is often quite effective, as in such lines as these:—

"Headlong speeding, frenzy-gathered,
Mouthing they fall, torn by their longing,
Indiscriminate, prone, possess."

But even in success like that, the rhythms would be far more effective if the vigor of the emotion in them could be perceived by its modification of enclosing form, as form is modified in the choruses of "Samson Agonistes." But as a whole, the versification in Mr. Hewlett's poem is emotionally inoperative, because it is—Mr. Hewlett gives us the right word—indiscriminate, and also "possess" not by a god but by a theory.

One can only very regretfully find more faults than virtues in a poem like "The Agonists." Its largeness of conception and vigor of execution are undeniable; that such fine qualities, and such splendid material, should be brought to comparative failure is a grievous thing. But even so, it is a failure which has more of the right stuff in it than many smooth successes.

THE QUAKER MIND.

"The Trial of Our Faith, and Other Papers." By THOMAS HODGKIN. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE Quaker spirit has a singular attraction for many who are not Quakers. Mystics find in it a congenial climate; and, as the best elements in modern religion are consciously or unconsciously mystical, Quakerism has a distinct place in, and message for, the Church of to-day. The estimation in which the writings of the late Miss Stephen are held by persons of very various shades of theological opinion illustrates this: religion unites, theology divides. The link between the papers brought together in "The Trial of our Faith" is their common possession of this mystical temper—its inwardness, its sincerity, and its repose. To externalism, whether institutional or dogmatic, it is frankly opposed. But Dr. Hodgkin has too sound a historic sense to be blind to the relative justification of the external.

"The thorough-going advocate of any form of Church government, the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, or the Congregational, holds himself bound to argue that it is the only Scriptural scheme of administration. To me it seems more reasonable to suppose that all are lawful, and all have, in a certain sense, come into being in conformity with the will of God; but that all must prove their right to be by their fruit-bearing."

In our own time, much as we may regret it, a controversial note is inseparable from the assertion of this, the most uncontroversial of standpoints; popular religion, which is at once sectarian and external, resents reform. To the writer's free but exceptionally living rendering of the Epistle to the Galatians is appended the warning:—

"Are there any who, having had a glimpse of the land of freedom, are now going back into the house of bondage, and who think that they will do God service by grovelling before a Judaising priesthood? Let such as these ponder the words of the great teacher who won Europe for Christ?"

His interpretation of familiar words is often novel and ingenious. The contrast to a Mystic is an Agnostic; the term Catholic was used originally "to distinguish the general run of Christians from the over-subtle manufacturers of strange theologies who went by the name of Gnostics." Certainly it is in this sense that it is to be understood in the creeds, and in the works of English and other Reformed theologians. To oppose it to Protestant would be in the one case an anachronism, and in the other a misstatement of a notorious fact. It is by a strange irony that it has become "a term not of inclusion but of exclusion; that the chief charm of it to most of those who use it lies in the fact that it does not connote a universal Christian Church; that it is, as they conceive, their own special and peculiar heritage into which the multitude of heretics round them have no right to enter." So with the great watchword of the Reformation.

"The word Protestant is in Church history very much the same as the word Metamorphic in Geology. Where certain stratified rocks, the result of the slow deposit of ages, have come in contact with the fiery streams of lava or basalt bursting upwards from the eternal fire beneath our feet, they undergo a change of texture which the geologist can at once recognise, and which he denotes by the name Metamorphic. Now at the Reformation such a change passed over the Christianity of Europe. It affected even the countries which remained in the obedience of Rome. But as to England, the Scandinavian countries, and most of Northern Germany, the change is obvious. These nations can no more ignore the transformation which they have undergone than the Metamorphic schists can remake themselves into the primitive sedimentary rocks out of which they have been evolved."

One of the most suggestive of the studies is that on Predestination. The teaching on this mysterious subject associated with the name of Calvin was no invention of that reformer; it was that of the medieval Church—in particular of St. Augustine—and had its origin in a sheer misunderstanding of St. Paul. So complete was the victory of Paulinism in the Apostolic Church that the memory of Judaistic Christianity was lost, and with it the true significance of the Apostle's polemic. The terrible chapters in the Epistle to the Romans, which lay like a nightmare on so many generations of Christians, have in view not the eternal destiny of individuals, but the temporal fortune of nations. St. Paul is speaking of the choice of Israel, not to eternal life or death, but to the privilege of working with God for the establishment of His Kingdom on earth; of Israel's refusal to rise to this calling; and of the con-

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sequent call of the Gentiles. This admission leads Dr. Hodgkin to a wider application of the idea that underlies it.

"I believe that, if anyone were carefully to compare the Books of the New Testament with the writings and sermons of all medieval and not a few modern divines, he would be astonished to find how vastly larger the subject of future rewards and punishments looms in the latter than in the former."

The Reformation "could not in a moment destroy the morbid tendencies of so many generations." Its work is even now incomplete. We shall not understand either the Reformation or the counter-Reformation unless we recognise that they are movements not only of the past, but of our own time. But it was a strange paradox that the "Hell-centred teaching of what was still called the Gospel" should have been built upon the noble universalism of St. Paul. That this universalism came to him as a break with the past, gave it deeper root and more intense conviction.

"We may faintly represent to ourselves the force of this spiritual revolution by imagining the case of a man imbued with high Catholic doctrine, Roman or Anglican, who shall, in fixed middle life, come to the conclusion that Churchmen and Nonconformists, Romans and Anglicans, Sacramentalists and non-Sacramentalists, are all one in Christ Jesus, and that it is his duty to proclaim this doctrine at Church Congresses and Missionary Conferences, and wherever the chief ecclesiastical leaders most do congregate."

St. Paul was the great Broad-Churchman of his age. No position can be more distasteful to religionists. But none has more certainly the promise of the future, the flow of the incoming tide.

The time of ultimates, however, is not yet: the nineteenth century was one of reaction in Church and State.

"I have sometimes thought that if one was called upon to give the names of the two men (both of them sons of the nineteenth century) whose influence has been most fatal to the true progress of the human race, one would have to name Bismarck and Newman. The influence of both tended to bring us back into bondage. Think what might have been the course of religious history in England had Newman never lived. We had struggled out into a land of religious freedom, and there seemed a possibility at least of all the Protestant Churches in our land coming to a better mutual understanding, and working together, in the spirit of Christ, for the elevation of their countrymen. Then the Oxford Movement began, urging us back towards the land of bondage, separating brother from brother, reviving once more the jargon of forgotten controversies: and (when I think of some of the absurdities of the Lives of the Saints which it put forth) erecting a calf in those days, and saying 'These be thy gods, oh Israel, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt.'"

This view of the Oxford Movement has gone out of fashion. But it was that taken by the best and wisest of its contemporaries; and, unless we are greatly mistaken, it is that which will be confirmed by the verdict of history. For Churches, as for nations and individuals, the one impossible thing is to go back. And the net result of the attempt made by the Tractarians to do so has been the creation of a gulf between the clerical and the lay mind. No symptom of modern life is more disquieting; we see in the Latin countries how disastrously it acts on religion, on public policy, on family and individual life.

In the paper on "Early Christian Worship," and in that on "George Fox," the strength and the weakness of the mystical temperament are brought out. The "one-man-ministry" is not primitive; from that priceless manual of early Church History, the Epistles to the Corinthians, it is clear that believers as such, and of both sexes, took their part in public worship; as there was neither priest nor altar, so there was neither pulpit nor pew. And the experience of the Quaker body shows that under such a system as this it is probable "that some spiritual faculties will be trained and developed which are atrophied where one man stands between the congregation and God, taking on himself to lead all the praise, to guide all the prayers, to convey all the instruction that is needed." On the other hand, there is the difficulty of "trying the spirits"; the danger of mistaking the suggestions of a heated imagination for the Divine voice. This may be to a great extent avoided by remembering the personal or subjective element in revelation; and by testing the light given to the individual—valid for him, but not necessarily for others—with that given to the community as a whole. The distinction is of wide application: it holds in morals as well as in what we speak of specifically as religion, and bears on many questions both of public and of private life.

OUR OWN BIRDS.

"Britain's Birds and Their Nests." By A. LANSBOROUGH THOMPSON. (Chambers. 21s. net.)

WE happened to open Mr. Lansborough Thompson's great book of "Britain's Birds and their Nests" at a page near the middle, opposite Mr. Rankin's fine picture of the water rail. We do not think we have read a better description of that delightful but elusive bird. It has the same subdued beauty as the plumage and the manners of the bird itself, and the little story of a tired migrant that spent some days on a cork mat floating in the author's bath, furnishes just the side-light that was needed on the character of his subject. It is not because the water rail is wild that we so seldom see it, but because it is so shy. It does not seek to establish itself as far as possible from human haunts, but if there is a suitable ditch near the house, and the spaniel has not too inquisitive a nose, there it will spend its summer close to man, but never seen by him. So when Mr. Thompson imprisoned one in his bathroom it did not fly against the window in a rage for freedom, as a wild bird would have done. It "showed no symptoms of alarm beyond a nervous snake-like shooting out and drawing back of the head, and graceful, sinuous movements of the neck."

In the preface it is said that "the main reason for the publication of this book is Mr. Rankin's magnificent series of 130 colored plates of British-nesting birds." Sympathetic and faithful as those pictures are, we say at once that the book is justified just as much by the text. It is not merely a book of reference, to which the reader comes at times for the explanation of something seen in the field, but one of the few books of a more or less catalogue nature that one can read through at one series of sittings with pleasure. The introduction by Professor Arthur Thompson is stimulative of interest in things ornithological, and so at many points in the text the author has a happy way of running frankly up against the unknown and bringing the reader in as a co-seeker for a way through.

The order of description begins at the auks, and takes after the gulls the waders, rails, ducks, &c., and then only the birds of prey and the perching birds usually put at the head of the kingdom. It is an arrangement that puts the most ancient birds at the top, and the most progressive at the bottom. The distinctive trait of the early birds is their gregarious habit. Concerning the puffin, the first of them all, Mr. Thompson has this effective word picture:—

"The land is honeycombed with the nesting burrows, so that one sinks through at every step, disturbing the Puffins within; the slopes are covered with Puffins, each ridiculous bird framed in the entrance to its nest; the sea is dotted for miles around with Puffins—Puffins fishing, and Puffins resting on the Atlantic swell; the very air is literally thick with Puffins flying in a ceaseless stream from sea to cliff, laden with their spoils, and back again, from cliff to sea for more."

He sketches the plentitude of the guillemots in a subtler way, saying that when they are disturbed by a sudden gunshot, sometimes "they precipitate a shower of eggs into the sea." Very interesting is the strange sociability of the bachelor guillemots, as seen by some observers, and given here with a word of caution against accepting too literally the statement that these free uncles will adopt the entire care of little guillemot orphans.

One of our favorite birds, and surely a very highly developed one, is the hedge sparrow. Turning to its page, we find with regret that Mr. Thompson has done it less than justice. We are glad that he acknowledges its song, as some naturalists have failed to do, but there is no word of the quietly distinctive habit that has earned it the name of "shuffle-wing," of its obvious faith to a life-long union, or of the patience and meekness with which it endures the winter. If the book has its weak point it is its description of the southern birds (though the hedge-sparrow is not strictly one) and of hedgerow birds, as opposed to those of the sea shore and the moor. We take leave to doubt whether Mr. Thompson has heard the nightingale at its best, since he says that its song is "never the very finest," and calls the bird through its agents, the poets, "an impostor." He gives the palm of song to the garden warbler (a bird more often heard in Scotland) and says of the blackcap's song, "it is at least equal in merit" to that of the last-named species. But we enjoy our differences of opinion as much as the points of accord and find at the last page as at the first

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THE names, Monier Williams, Rawlinson, Lyall, Petrie, Palgrave, Burton, Doughty, and other famous scholars and travellers, prove that we have produced a fair list of men of literary rank who have explored the history, and reconstructed, by their studies, the great drama of the ancient civilisations of the East. But we are strikingly deficient in talents of a purely artistic order, which, in novels or in impressionistic sketches, can bring us into touch with the feeling and sentiments of the native races. We need not mention the three or four writers who are, happily for us, conspicuous exceptions to this rule. Sir Hugh Clifford, also, has done his part in lifting a corner of the veil that hides the life of the Malay people from English eyes, but his stories and sketches, though valuable in their straightforward interpretation, illustrate the Englishman's difficulty of so adjusting his mental and ethical valuations that we can look through the lens of the Eastern mind. His historical novel is not successful, like Meadows Taylor's "Tara," in so combining European insight with Oriental emotional coloring as to produce telling illusion of an historical environment. In "The Downfall of the Gods" the ethics of the West and the Eastern manners refuse to mix.

The civilisation and epoch the author has selected to treat are among the least known in history. Cambodia is little more than a name to the European, yet the stupendous temples of Angkor, the ancient capital of the great Khymer Empire, founded and maintained by Brahmin conquerors from India, surpass in extent and splendor those of Karnak. Sir Hugh Clifford's most striking pages paint with realistic freshness, that no doubt is born of his own explorations, the marvels of the Titanic architecture of the Ba-Yon, the Ba-Phum, and the Angkor Wat. Unfortunately, Angkor was a deserted city in the sixteenth century when the intrepid Portuguese adventurers, such as the maligned Mendez Pinto, were overrunning Burma and Siam and Indo-China generally, and Sir Hugh Clifford has had to rely on fragmentary sources of information such as M. Rémusat's translation of the journal of a Chinese ambassador who visited Angkor in 1295. Poor Pinto was called the biggest liar who ever wrote; but his travels preserve for us the Asiatic magnificence of these astounding Indo-Chinese civilisations which seem to have fallen into ruins through the lust for conquest and devastating madness of a succession of tyrannical rulers. The thesis that our author develops with an assurance that is better suited to an essay than a story, is one that Macaulay would have made great play with—the internal rottenness of a Government that can only interpose the painted lie of the tradition of aristocratic prestige between the populace and its own approaching overthrow. Sir Hugh Clifford has chosen with care the two leading *dramatis personæ* of his story who are the predestined instruments of the fall of the Khymer State, but the artistic weakness of the novel centres in the excessive prominence his scheme assigns to these—the hero Chun, the bastard son of Baguan Dass, the high priest, and to the heroine, Gunda, the dancing girl of the temple. There are, in fact, only two other characters of any importance, Baguan Dass himself and Slat, the old, wise quarryman who, long past his work, is the mouthpiece of long generations of Sudra bondsmen who have cemented the stones of the Angkor temples with their bloody sweat. You cannot thrill us with a dramatic conflict between a hero and the shadows of enemies; and the representatives of the hateful Brahmin power, priests, officials, warriors, only appear on the scene to be overthrown at the close. The plot is simple. Gunda burns to avenge on her Brahmin masters the ignominies she has long suffered. As one behind the scenes, she knows well that the Brahmins possess no supernatural powers, as the Sudra populace believes, but are only frail men, greedy and lustful, weakened by luxury and idleness, easily to be overthrown. In Chun, the bastard son of the high priest and

a native woman, who has been reared as a slave, in ignorance of his birth, she finds the tool she seeks. Chun falls passionately in love with the bewitching and imperious girl, who undermines his faith in "The High Gods," awakes his ambition, and feeds his growing thirst for vengeance on his taskmasters. An occasion presents itself at a midnight ceremony in the Ba-Yon, when Chun secretes himself in the temple and discovers that the dreaded Lord of Lords and Prince of Demi-gods, the Khymer monarch, is a miserable leper. Chun succeeds in stealing the Sacred Sword of India from the guarded shrine, and Gunda conceals it at the bottom of the Brahmins' bathing-pool. An ancient legend has it that the Khymer Empire will fall, and the kingdom be given over to famine and pestilence and war, should the sword pass out of the Brahmins' keeping. And so it befalls. At the sacred Feast of the City and the Procession of the Sword, the Brahmins are attacked by the enraged populace which has discovered that a mock sword has been substituted for the sacred relic. Chun, as leader, heads the revolt, and establishes himself in power, following the advice of Gunda, who now plays upon the superstitious fears of the Sudra multitude, and gives herself out to be the Spirit of the Snake, a goddess who guards the inner shrine of the Angkor Wat. Her imposture is, however, detected in turn, and the carnival of terror and cruelty which Chun has established to strike terror into the populace, precipitates a second revolt in which the Khymer kingdom, menaced by the Siamese armies, passes into nothingness.

The plot of "The High Gods" would doubtless be more convincing were its accomplished author possessed of both psychological and original artistic powers. In the character of Gunda, who symbolises the unappeasable lust of a wayward and imperious woman for "unshackled dominion over the bodies and souls of men," Sir Hugh Clifford has outlined a fine conception, but the working out is handicapped by an atmospheric tone undeniably British in its sententious phraseology and moral heaviness. The author seems himself now to be viewing this Cambodian Semiramis with the disapproving eye of the British official, and now with the stare of a victim hypnotised by a cobra. There is nothing of the element of artistic delight and creative gratification in the presentation of any of the leading figures, if we except old Slat, the representative of brooding, austere wisdom. It is, of course, difficult for any writer to free himself from the preconceptions, not to say obsessions, of Western supremacy. The old Portuguese adventurers, too, were great moralists in their way, and shook their heads disapprovingly over a different order of religious superstitions and mundane depravities to those which they themselves practised. But perhaps Sir Hugh Clifford's ethical catholicity is far greater than the elasticity and subtlety of his style. What we sigh for in reading "The High Gods" is Mr. Conrad's delicate temperamental mirror, or Mr. Bain's insidiously receptive intelligence, or Mr. Cunningham Graham's ironic transvaluation of parochial, national, or imperial codes. It must be the commonplace and obvious style, and a certain artlessness in the manner of conveying useful information through the life of the characters, that are so destructive of the picturesque scenes, for which latter, indeed, we are more grateful than our words imply. The author is at his best in passages of pure description and of rapid action. The chapter "Anarchy" contains, for example, an admirable picture of the fury of an Eastern mob, and, in fact, wherever there is fighting in the air the author rises to the occasion. On the other hand, the story becomes extremely weak whenever the characters reason or whenever they utter sentiments curiously congenial to our British taste. Both Chun and Gunda on many occasions seem to be repeating Occidental lessons which only their memories and not their minds have assimilated.

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had hitherto been little effort to show the development of the school as a whole. Mr. Thomas has concerned himself mainly with technical questions, and hardly at all with the biographical interest attached to those portraitists and their sitters; yet even with these limitations, this volume is by far the most complete and satisfying account of the French portrait-engravers that has appeared. An inevitable comparison of the school with that of the English mezzotinters leads Mr. Thomas to the conclusion that, on the whole, French engravers left a much less complete record of French portrait-painting during their period than the English mezzotinters did of English portrait-painting. The French engravings include, for example, relatively few portraits of women, and those not very notable. On the other hand, their school lasted a great deal longer than the English one; it produced more truly original work, since many of its artists engraved from portraits of their own painting; and it exercised a far greater influence on Continental art than ever the mezzotinters did. Its career fits itself conveniently into the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Assuming a distinctly national character with Mellan about 1625, it survived with not a break in its continuity till the end of the eighteenth century, when the Revolution decisively killed it. Under the Grand Monarch it reached its highest point of excellence with Nanteuil. State patronage and the influence of painters like Lebrun and Rigaud enabled the successors of this foremost of French engravers to keep the tradition alive and vigorous till the eighteenth century was well advanced, the somewhat grandiose style of Rigaud in particular finding a most intelligent interpretation at the hands of the Drevets. The colder, more mechanical art of Schmidt and Wille came at the end of the Louis XV. period, and these Germans and their pupils exercised a somewhat baleful influence on the engravings of the following reign. However, there was a counteracting influence at work—that in favor of greater simplicity in style and smaller size of plate—and after 1750 there were Cochin, and the “amateur” Saint Aubin, and Carmontelle to keep the flame of originality alive till it was snuffed out with almost dramatic suddenness at the end of the century. The illustrations are well selected on the whole; but we notice with some regret the absence of any example by Schmidt or Wille. These, in view of Mr. Thomas’s severe criticism of their once over-praised work, would have been instructive. However, one cannot have everything, and we are grateful to the author for throwing a good deal of fresh light on a neglected subject, and disposing of more than one fallacy hitherto regarded as fact in connection with this interesting phase of French art. The exhaustive list of French portrait-engravers contained in Chapter V. is not the least valuable feature of a scholarly and interesting book.

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a meeting at Turnham Green to celebrate the taking of the Bastille, and finally dying in London on May 21st, 1810. D'Eon was a man of real ability, but it is doubtful whether his name would now be remembered except for the notoriety he won by pretending to be a woman. MM. Homberg and Jousselin have taken great pains to make their book an accurate account of his career.

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